

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LOST EILEEN.

I.

SOFT lights may swathe the castle tower,
O'er purple hills the dawn may break;
Dark eyes may shadow Eileen's bower,
And night its dusky pinions shake;
The bell may beat what hour it will,
Or hang in silence hushed and still,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

II.

When gloaming last engloomed the land,
And vapors gathering dimly swept
The ridges of the dark-ribbed sand,
And where the latest sun-glow slept,
Ere yet the silver moon had shown,
Or o'er the wave her light was thrown,
Beside the ocean old and gray,
Sweet Eileen bent her lonely way.

III.

So still! The wind was all too weak
To lift the wimple from her breast,
Or toss the curl upon her cheek,
But died away in tones of rest.
So still! No other sound awoke,
Save when a quivering billow broke
About the cliff, or, faintly hailed,
Her solitude the curlew wailed.

IV.

So still! But list—for as a beam
Of silver moonlight slanteth through
Deep-foliaged dells, a sudden stream
Of saddest, sweetest music, new
With echoes of the sobbing blast,
Across the listening waters past,
Now fell away, now rose again,
Like gushes of the summer rain.

V.

A shallop through the mist appeared,
Cleaving the dark in noiseless flight,
And on the prow, as still she neared,
There hung a soft and starry light;
A shallop swift—nor oar nor sail
Broke crystal wave or kissed the gale,
Nor lacketh them, the path to win
Soul-moved by one who sate therein.

VI.

Now by that wild uncertain gleam,
Maid Eileen saw a vision bright,
With bated breath, as when a dream
Arises on the brain by night—
The spirit of the mystic bark
That oarless cleft the odorless dark,
A youth with darkly floating hair,
And eyes that glowed with lustre rare.

VII.

Close to his heart a harp he held
Of chastely burnished Indian gold,
That, by his fingers moist compelled,
A weirdly woven music rolled,
A strain where lingered strangely blent
All notes of awe and wonderment,
Like those sweet subtle thoughts that start
At twilight through a poet's heart.

VIII.

"Soft-bosomed maiden, o'er the main
My palace halls are gleaming white;
Full many an emerald they contain,
And diamond and chrysolite.
And there are domes of milky pearl,
And thrones of sapphire, gates of beryl;
And to the portals, wrought of gold,
The tribute of the sea is rolled.

IX.

"Soft banners of the crimson even
Hang grandly in the hyaline,
White creamy waves to foam are driven
Round islands nestled in the brine.
Endusked by blossom's greenery,
Those purple islets peaceful lie,
And scented breezes upward run
Like incense to the golden sun.

X.

"For thee, when gloaming mists were weft
Across the gray face of the sea,
The glory of those halls I left,
The glory of those isles for thee:
My heart was tingling all aflame,
I could not rest me till I came,
And if with me thou wilt not go,
Alas! thou workest bitter woe."

XI.

Like netted sunbeams softly fleeing
To sleep upon the violet's breast,
Into the maiden's inmost being
The magic of those strains hath pressed.
A touch of hand, a breathless kiss,
The mortal maiden seals her his;
A parting look, a flashing oar,
Sweet Eileen will be seen no more.

XII.

The purple-vestured dawn may break
Once more across the restless main,
Across the meadows she may shake
Soft-falling dews in pearly rain.
The glowing hues of eve may burn,
And twilight lift its darkling urn,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.
Belfast.

GEO. L. MOORE.
Chambers' Journal.

From The Westminster Review.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.*

REGARD for the security of our colonies and dependencies is now so preponderant an element in the foreign policy of England, that we are apt to forget how recent is the growth of the system we are anxious to maintain, and how much more accident has contributed to its development than settled policy. Hardly a century has elapsed since the servants of a commercial company, acting without the leave, and often contrary to the express orders of their employers, overthrew the French power in India, and laid the foundations of our empire there. We took the Cape from the Dutch, not because we wanted a field for colonization, but because we wanted a naval station. In Canada, we succeeded the French. The earlier colonies in America were the result of private enterprise — not of government action. And if the foundation of the different Australian colonies is due to the policy of the government of Mr. Pitt, that policy was suggested, not by any desire to find a new field for the honest energy of England, but by the need of providing a place of exile for the felons it was no longer possible to send to America. We purpose, in the present article, to show how, from this sinister origin, have grown communities prosperous in the present, and destined at no distant time to rival in every element of power the country from which they have sprung. Victor Hugo says somewhere that man has to sustain a threefold struggle — against the falsehoods of religion, against the injustice of human laws, and against the inexorability of Nature. From the tyranny of superstition, and from the burden of depraved custom which weighs down old societies, the Australian settlers have from the first been free. They have constructed their own political systems. They have, it is true, wisely adopted the general features of the constitution of the

mother country, but in legislation they have attempted to prevent the growth of those abuses and inequalities which they thought rendered society in the mother country unhealthy. They have allowed to each individual full religious liberty, and have tried to prevent any sect or religious tendency from having an unfair advantage. But with Nature in all her moods they have had to maintain a long and unremitting struggle. The physical conditions of every country limit and direct the activities of the people, and perhaps, in the case of no country so much as that of Australia is it necessary to commence an account of social and industrial development by a description of the soil and climate.

Lord Palmerston, it is said, once found a difficulty in filling the office of secretary for the colonies. In his despair he proposed to take the department himself. "Come up-stairs," he said to a friend; "let us get a map and see where these places are." Had physical geography formed in his time a part of the training of public schools, he might have learnt much of the problems of Australian administration by the slight process of initiation he jestingly proposed. Australia is not an island, but a continent. And it is a continent destitute of all those features which give variety to the climates of Europe and Asia. The vast, uniform desert plain of the interior impresses on the fringe of littoral its own character of uniformity. The northern part of the continent is within the tropics. The rest is for the most part semi-tropical, though the highlands of the south-eastern corner may fairly be called temperate. The total area is nearly three million square miles, but the greater part of this is occupied by the barren plateau of the interior. This is an almost level waste of sandstone sloping slightly to the centre. Its margin, on the south, descends into the sea in abrupt cliffs. On the north and east and west it dips into the fringing coastland by declivities more or less gradual, which, seen from below, present the appearance of a mountain chain. The elevation of this margin varies from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet above the sea. The lowland between the edge of the plateau

* 1. *The Dominion of Australia: an Account of its Foundations.* By W. H. L. RANKEN. London: 1874.

2. *Australia and New Zealand.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London: 1873.

3. *The Early History of Victoria.* By FRANCIS PETER LABILLIERE. London: 1878.

and the sea varies in breadth, as a rule, from one hundred to two hundred miles, but in places the highlands, or the projecting spurs, overlook the sea. The general contour of the country thus resembles that of the Deccan, but the absence of heights within the central plateau, and its vast size, forbid the existence of the rivers which render southern India so fertile. In many places volcanic agency has raised the level of the edges, and covered the surrounding country with rich volcanic deposits.

On the west, at a distance of two hundred miles from the coast a steep ascent of granite and syenite leads like steps from the lowland to the plateau. The range is continued along the north, diminishing in elevation as it approaches the east. The northern portion of the eastern edge is about twelve hundred feet in height. Between Rockhampton and Brisbane in Queensland it is broken by volcanic irruptions which run from east to west. South of this it approaches the sea, and has been raised by volcanic agency to heights of three thousand feet. From Queensland to Victoria the breadth of coast-land varies from one hundred to fifty miles. In Victoria—the south-eastern corner of the continent—the range rises to the height of seven thousand feet, and is dignified with the title of the Australian Alps. Thus the centre of the continent is a sandy waste, parched by a tropical sun. Periodic winds from the north-west and the south do indeed bring moisture from the surrounding seas. But except on the eastern and the south-eastern coasts there are no great mountain heights to front the winds and condense the moisture in fertilizing rain. The perpetual radiation from the surface of the interior makes the air so dry that it absorbs whatever moisture the heights near the coast fail to condense. From this result not only droughts but floods. For when year after year no rain has fallen in the interior, the intense heat of the surface so rarefies the atmosphere that an excess of air is drawn from the sea and sweeps with greater force to greater distances inland. When the cold southern current meets the warm, moist north-west monsoon, the vapor is condensed and

covers the desert with floods. We have said that the interior slopes in an almost imperceptible decline to its centre. There is, therefore, no drainage. The water lies in wide stagnant sheets. Under the fierce rays of the sun it rises in vapor, but when it reaches the higher and cooler strata of the atmosphere it is again precipitated in rain. There is no mode of escape for the imprisoned water except by evaporation, and thus the excessive rainfall of one year is followed by excessive rainfall in succeeding years. It is thus that the desert centre impresses, as we have said, its own character on the surrounding country, except where bold and varied local features give parts of the country a character of its own. "In the depressions of the great plain," says Mr. Ranken, "there is most probably only one long drought or one long wet season; no seasons of a year but years of a season."

Volcanic agency, by rearing mountain barriers and opening up drainage lines, has conferred such a special character on the south-eastern corner, and in a less degree on the east coast generally. From Queensland to Victoria the eastern edge of the tableland forms a watershed from which rivers flow sluggishly to the south-west. They would have hardly energy to force their way to the sea, but that they meet the Murray, fed by the copious rainfall of the Australian Alps. These rivers, the Darling and the Murray and their tributaries, form the only great river system of Australia. No other rivers flowing from the inner slope of the edge of the plateau reach the sea. The rain that falls elsewhere spreads out in sudden floods or creeps listlessly along in vague and manifold channels till it is lost in the sands or absorbed by evaporation in the dry air. The soil of the interior is, as a rule, disintegrated sandstone, saliferous or ferruginous, and often is covered with marshes of salt or gypsum. The volcanic upheavals on the south-east, east, and north-east margins have not only improved the climate, by diversifying the surface of the country, but have in many parts covered it with rich deposits of volcanic soil.

The botanical features which are characteristic of Australian scenery are the

same everywhere, and are in many cases peculiar to the continent. But there are exceptions to this uniformity which have led botanists to divide it into four provinces, the vegetation of each of which resembles respectively Indian, Polynesian, African, and South American types. As the centre is approached these distinctions disappear. The exceptional vegetation of the north is distinctly tropical. In sheltered situations on the eastern slopes reached by the rainfall from the sea, are found shady forests of rich foliage, which contrast with the dark, shadeless trees and grassy scrub characteristic of Australia. Near Rockingham Bay in Queensland, the base of the high hills is clothed with jungle, in which cedars and palms and bamboos are festooned with vines and lanas, and shadow a rich undergrowth of orchids and ferns. Farther south, in New South Wales, the wild wood-crowned valleys and flowery glens of the Blue Mountains form a striking contrast to the thickets of shrubs which conceal the sandy soil of the neighboring tracts. But in Sydney Harbor the bare, crumbling cliffs and thickets, descending abruptly to the clear blue water, form a scene of surpassing loveliness. Farther south still, in the deep valleys and glens of the Australian Alps, giant eucalypti shelter thickets of ferns and mimosas. The trees clothe the mountain-side even to the snow-line. For here (perhaps owing to the dryness of the atmosphere of the interior) though the highest summit is only 7,142 feet above the sea, eternal snow lies on the mountain-tops. Such is the scenery on the seaward side of the elevated edge of the table-land. Westward of the Cordilleras the land slopes gently inwards in park-like undulations and grassy downs. Patches of shady thicket and forest belts relieve the landscape, and quaint volcanic peaks enclose it. But where the watershed is not broken, and as the interior is approached, there is only a waste of stones, or sand, or marsh, or struggling water, or wide flood. There is no vegetation, but a poor variety of meagre grasses and low shrubs. The ordinary forest scenery of Australia is characterized by want of shade. The trees, which are mostly evergreens, stand in iso-

lated clumps. The branches shoot upwards, and the scant, dull, leathery leaves hang vertically. Frequent bush fires destroy the grass and undergrowth, and leave the giant eucalypti standing gaunt and bare. Monotony and absence of interest is the rule. Nearly everywhere the want of water robs the landscape of one great charm. Good scenery, it must be confessed, is exceptional.

The climate is everywhere dry, and singularly healthy. Exposure which in other climates would be fatal, is easily borne. Though the heat, especially in the north, is at times excessive, it has not the same enervating effect on persons of European blood as heat has in ordinary tropical regions. Towards the south, at any rate, it never interferes with outdoor work. The hot winds which sometimes blow from the interior produce great discomfort, but do not last long enough to be really formidable. The seasons, we need hardly say, are the reverse of ours — Christmas falling in the middle of the Australian summer. Droughts and floods are the two great obstacles to industrial enterprise. Mr. Ranken's description of the end of a long drought is so vivid and picturesque, and illustrates so many features of Australian life and scenery, that we cannot forbear to quote it: —

For days and months the earth has been hot, parched, and cracked; for months the waters have ceased to flow, the trees have lived but not grown, and the sky has been cloudless. The never-green forest is browner, sadder, and still in the oppressive air; the plains are bare and dusty; the watering-places (for the sheep) filled with dead, and the whole scene quivers before the eye by the great radiation of its heat. Daily the sun rises in a hazy sky, sails in a white heat through a cloudless course, and sets a round ball of fire on the edge of a copper dome. A sullen dewless night follows the dreaded day. The leaves of the forest and the surviving grass of the field glisten like blades of steel in the glare of the mighty sun: there is no green thing, nor sound of life from bird or beast or tree in the great noonday heat. At length clouds mysteriously gather — daily they gather and disappear at night — at last they form dense, low masses, thunder breaks, and violent storms of wind sweep the plain: no rain. Again and again

these storms break before the longed-for rain comes, and with it comes flood. Perhaps the rain, filling the northern streams, first floods the southern water-channels before a cloud is in their sky. But with the floods destruction to lingering life no less than hope to withering vegetation is brought down. Many a settler has been ruined by droughts; but many a flock which survived that ordeal has been silently, hopelessly swallowed by the flood.

We cannot wonder then, that though the desert yields a scant herbage for sheep, settlers do not venture to push far into the interior. Nor can we fail to appreciate the dangers and difficulties which the long series of heroic explorers have had to encounter, and to which so many have succumbed. The eastern half of the continent has been fairly explored. A line of telegraph has been carried from Adelaide, on the south, to Port Darwin, on the north, but the western half may still be said to bid defiance to the zeal of discoverers. On the south it ends in a long line of cliffs. The rivers which reach the sea on the west and north have been found to have their source in the granite declivity of the table-land. The waters that lay beyond were found to lose themselves as they flowed towards the centre. Instability as well as barrenness is the character of the interior. The sheets of water by which the camps are pitched will suddenly dry up, or when pitched on what seems safe ground, they may be swept away by unforeseen floods. Water is generally obtained only by sinking wells. In South Australia alone are there permanent collections of water worthy of being called lakes. Such are the physical features of the country.

The condition of the inhabitants, whom, because we know of no earlier race dwelling there, we call aborigines, is the same now as it was when the first European landed on the shores of Australia, and as it probably has been during ages of unprogressive and uneventful existence. This is not the place to inquire as to their affinities and their history. Whether they are an isolated remnant of the people who once peopled and, to some extent, people now the Asiatic continent and the islands of Polynesia, we cannot say; but this at least may be affirmed, that no other race anywhere has sunk to or continued in so low a state of barbarism, or shows so little susceptibility to civilizing influences. No savage race presents more repulsive features. The type of face is negro, but the hair hangs lank and long. They wear no clothes, and provide no shelter for them-

selves except temporary structures of boughs and grasses. On the coast and by the rivers they live well on fish, opossums, kangaroos, and bandicort; but in the interior they as often as not live on rats or frogs. They are found in greatest numbers on the seaboard, but far away in the interior they occur in sparsely distributed tribes and families. As they have nothing to possess, they have no ideas of individual or tribal property. But each tribe has territory peculiarly its own, and the rule that no tribe must trespass within the limits of another tribe is rigidly adhered to. The principle is so well understood that fidelity to it leads to the only acts of cannibalism they are known to commit. A tree called the bunya-bunya bears once in three years a large crop of fruit which the natives consider a great delicacy. Neighboring tribes are allowed to enter the district in which it grows to feast upon the bountiful provision. After some time the visitors, who had previously been accustomed to an almost exclusively animal diet, grow weary of the rich, farinaceous food. The game and fish of their hosts is sacred from their touch. But the desire for flesh is uncontrollable, and one of their own number becomes a victim to it. The tribes have chiefs, and in matters such as marriage obey customs of the most complex kind. But they are totally destitute of religious sentiment. They have no mythology — hardly, indeed, a superstition. In some districts there survive traditions of some animal now extinct, the return of which they fear. They have identified in some cases the conception of a devil which the white men have imparted to them with this object of horror. But of a god, or a great spirit, or spiritual existences of any kind, they appear not only to have no idea, but to be incapable of forming a conception. In the interior and on the north there is but one wide-spread dialect; but each river of the great river system which flows from the western downs of the Cordilleras, and each separate tribal district along the coast, has a distinct language.

In sketching the history of the early European settlements, we shall have to speak of the fatal effects of their presence in the native races. Even now the hostility of the tribes of the interior is one of the great dangers in the way of discovery. Bands of explorers, whose aims and methods were humane and conciliatory, have had to fight their way from day to day through successive districts of attacking savages. Settlers in the bush — as all the

country remote from the great towns is called—have to protect themselves against their thieving raids, and are not always nice in the measures they take in self-defence. The aboriginal—if he ever ponders questions of right—no doubt thinks he is justified in plundering from the intruder who has shut him out from the rivers and the coast, and driven away the game on which he used to live. And the settler, of course, has European notions as to the sacred rights of property. In such a struggle barbarism must in the end be worsted. But the temper of government is just and even benevolent to the black men. There are laws to preserve them, not only from aggression, but from the temptations to which the presence of civilization exposes them. Christian philanthropy has established institutions where an attempt is made to atone for the wrongs done to the race by training a few individuals to industrial pursuits, and giving them secular and religious instruction. But the attempt seems hitherto to have produced little fruit. Aborigines labor—especially in the jails where they are compelled to do so—but they have hardly as yet learned to feel the needs which are the incentives to civilized life. Mr. Trollope says he has never heard of an aboriginal living in a house of his own. They read and write: they sing hymns and recite portions of Scripture. But they acquire no ideas from what they read, and no real religious sentiment seems to have been developed. As is the case with most savage races, freedom from toil and the wild ardor of the chase have given listlessness and agility, and even an air of dignity, to their frame. They are employed in large numbers as horsekeepers, and in other callings of that kind. In Queensland and western Australia they are employed as policemen. Their endurance, and the keenness of observation which often enables savages to follow up tracks which a man accustomed to civilized life would lose, fit them admirably for police duties in a country where theft of cattle is one of the commonest forms of crime. In the towns some work (irregularly) as masons or carpenters, while many lead a lazy, loafing life on the outskirts of civilization. There are certain spots reserved for their residence where they may be studied in all the observances of pristine barbarism.

The distribution of animals is similar to that of men. Everywhere the varieties are few and the individuals of each variety few. But near the coast and rivers they are more numerous than in the arid plains

of the interior, and the animals, like the men of the temperate south, are of stronger and finer type than those of the hotter north. There are no quadrumana, pachydermata, or ruminantia. There are but few mammalia, and of these, most are marsupials. The opossum “up a gum tree,” and the kangaroo are, perhaps, the most familiar types. The melancholy valediction of the disappointed free selector quoted by Mr. Trollope, sums up what are regarded as the salient features of life on the downs of the western slope of the Cordilleras. “Farewell to the kangaroo, farewell to the wild emu, farewell to the squatter of the plain. I hope I shall never see that d——d rascal again.” The scantiness of food and the uncertainty of the seasons prevent the formation of large herds and the adoption of migratory habits. It is a land of lonely, not gregarious life. The only beast of prey is the dingo, or wild dog—which is nearly everywhere a constant scourge to the sheep-farmers. Reptiles and insects abound. There are many birds of prey and birds of brilliant plumage, but few melodious birds of song. We are speaking here, of course, only of indigenous varieties, for as we shall hereafter see many foreign kinds have been acclimatized.

Australia was discovered by Manuel Godinho, a Portuguese, in 1601. During the rest of the seventeenth century various Dutch adventurers landed on points of the continent and adjacent islands. Names such as Carpentaria, Arnheimland, and Van Diemen's Land, are memorials of their enterprise. Dampier, the buccaneer, was the first Englishman to effect a landing. After him came a series of English, Dutch, and French mariners. But none of these succeeded in laying the foundation of a permanent settlement. In 1770, the celebrated Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, and proclaimed the country part of the territories of the English crown. He surveyed a portion of the eastern coast (which from its resemblance to his native country he called New South Wales), and proposed that convicts should be sent hither from England. Accordingly, in 1788, Governor Phillip landed with seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts (of whom one hundred and ninety-two were women), two hundred and eight marines and their families, and a chaplain. He attempted to found a convict establishment at Botany Bay. Defeated in his effort by the unfavorable nature of the site selected, he at length succeeded in founding one at Port Jackson, a little to the north. This grew

and prospered, and became the centre from which eastern Australia was colonized. It is now the city of Sydney, a place of calm prosperity, long since purged of all felon taint, a city of fair streets and gardens on the shores of the fairest haven of the earth. After the foundation of the settlement at Port Jackson, the French made several attempts to establish themselves in southern Australia; but, like all their vast and shadowy schemes of colonization and conquest, these efforts failed.

Around the convict settlement at Port Jackson grew the first English colony—New South Wales. It is the classic land of Australia. If the spirit of Greek romance survived, the soft glories of Sydney Harbor, the bold picturesqueness of the Hawkesbury River, and the wild defiles of the Blue Mountains would be peopled in the imagination of the settlers with nymphs and genii. Australian mythology would not lack heroes. The Greeks built temples to the founders of their states. In their grateful devotion, the dim traditions of the greatness of their mortal chiefs grew into myths which identified them with the mighty ones of heaven. To the first governors of New South Wales glory such as this has been denied. But they have such immortality as the unpoetic intelligence of modern times allows. Athens had its Theseum, and Phillip Street in Sydney and Port Phillip in Victoria commemorate the first governor at Port Jackson. The struggle which he and his successors had to maintain was indeed one that called for the highest efforts of heroism. They were dependent for food and necessities on precarious supplies from England, or India, or the Dutch settlements in the East. They had to struggle with drought and floods. They had not only to preserve discipline among the convicts, but to control the mutinous and imperious spirit of the force which was sent from England to enable them to maintain order. And there were constant troubles with the aborigines, who were too barbarous to be conciliated or even effectively coerced. The civilization of the white men made scarcer and scarcer every day the fish and game on which they lived. Their own unwritten law prevented them from withdrawing to the territory of other tribes. As was natural, they attempted to retaliate for their wrongs by killing stray whites and destroying their property. And, as was natural too, the white men often treated them as beasts of prey, to be hunted down and exterminated if they could not be driven away. Writing in the

July number of this review we described the inevitable results of the relations between civilized colonists and uncivilized natives. The whites can always plead provocation, but in Australia as in Kafirland the measure of retribution has far exceeded the measure of provocation. Governor Phillip estimated the number of the tribe which dwelt around Port Jackson at fifteen hundred individuals. The last survivor of the tribe died in 1849. European disease and European stimulants proved hardly less fatal elements in the process of extermination than mere violence and pressure.

More than once absolute starvation seemed likely to put an end to the infant settlement. The governor shared the hardships of the governed, and his highest state hardly rose above rough plenty. In 1791 the first non-criminal immigrant arrived. He was a German and married one of the female convicts. In 1793 a wooden church was erected, and this in 1806 was succeeded by one of brick. In that year, too, a ship was built and a newspaper published. In 1825 one-third of the population were convicts. In 1839 the last batch of convicts were put ashore. Altogether seventy thousand criminals were brought to New South Wales, many of whom at the expiration of their term of punishment were absorbed into the general community. Thus in the total population of not much more than half a million, the taint of convict blood is sufficiently appreciable to engender in the minds of ardent colonists much sensitiveness of sentiment on the subject. Meanwhile enterprise and exploration penetrated inland. Attempts at cultivation were at first unsuccessful, but it was discovered that the natural pasture of the country was admirably fitted for sheep. Between 1810 and 1821 the growing hopes of an export trade in wool attracted settlers. The merino breed was introduced, and soon runs of thousands of acres in various parts of the strip of coastland were occupied by sheep. All the land of the colony belonged to the crown, and the rights conceded to individuals—at least in later times—were generally rights of grazing only. The persons to whom concessions of this kind have been made are called, throughout Australia, "squatters." Since the crown has made over its right in the land to the colony, the interest of these pastoral leaseholders has come into conflict with the interest of a new class of agricultural freeholders, which the colonial legislatures, in their anxiety to avoid the evils they discern

in the old-world model of society, have striven to create. The struggle still continues and is, as we shall hereafter see, the great question of Australian politics. Distress at home has been in all ages the great incentive to migration. Many attempts had been made in vain to cross the Blue Mountains and penetrate into the unknown interior; but in 1813, when a general drought had rendered the wide pasturages of the seaboard barren, a band of sheep-farmers succeeded in getting through and finding grass for their flocks on the other side. In 1808 a convict settlement dependent on New South Wales was formed in Van Diemen's Land. In 1835 settlers from Van Diemen's Land founded, near the harbor of Port Phillip, a town which is now known as Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. In 1825 Van Diemen's Land was made a penal settlement, independent of New South Wales, and in 1851 the dependency of Port Phillip was made a separate colony under the name of Victoria. We shall have hereafter to speak of the causes which make disruption a corollary to the growth of these vast but little-organized and imperfectly developed territories which we call colonies. Victoria asserted its independence, as we have seen, in 1851, and in 1859 the northern portion of New South Wales, which had previously been known as the Moreton Bay District, was constituted a separate colony under the name of Queensland. The seat of government for Victoria was fixed at Melbourne, and for Queensland at Brisbane. In the article on south Africa, already referred to, we have spoken of the difference between the constitution of a colony as a crown colony, and the system known as responsible government. Hitherto New South Wales had been a crown colony. The governor appointed by the English ministry did, in fact, govern subject only to the control of Downing Street. The lands of the colony which had not become the property of individuals or corporations were held to be at the disposal of the crown. But in 1856 responsible government was introduced. Though the crown retained a power of veto, the duty of legislation was left to two houses of Parliament, representative, in different degrees, of the people of the colony. The executive administration devolved upon ministers responsible to Parliament, and the crown lands were surrendered to the colony, and were, of course, at the disposal of its Parliament. The social and material progress of the various territories of Australia hardly admit of being sketched

in detail, and will, perhaps, be most easily made clear when we have to speak of their present condition. The subjects of keen political discussion, and the general tendency of legislation in all are so similar that one general account will suffice. Here we shall only attempt to sketch in rough outline the main incidents in the history of the other settlements.

Port Phillip was discovered in 1802 during a voyage of exploration along the southern coast. An attempt to plant a penal settlement there in 1803 failed. We have seen how great are the dangers which attend attempts at exploration by land in the interior. But from the earliest years of our settlement at Port Jackson to the present day bands of explorers have followed in rapid succession. In 1824 an expedition from New South Wales succeeded, after incredible hardships, in crossing the Murray River and penetrating overland to Port Phillip. In 1826 another unsuccessful effort was made to locate convicts at Western Port (west of Port Phillip), chiefly as it appears as a protest against French claims. In 1827 Mr. John Batman, a native of Paramatta, near Sydney, and Mr. T. J. Gellibrand, both settlers in Van Diemen's Land, informed the governor of New South Wales that they were "in possession of some flocks of sheep highly improved, some of the merino breed and some of the pure south Devon; of some pure south Devon cattle, and also of a fine breed of horses. They proposed to ship to Western Port fifteen hundred to two thousand sheep; thirty head of cows, oxen, horses, etc., the whole to be under the personal direction of Mr. Batman, who would constantly reside there; and they asked his Excellency to grant them a tract of land proportionable to the sum of money they proposed to expend, and also to afford them every encouragement in carrying the proposed project into effect." The governor curtly declined to comply with their request.

In 1834 Mr. Henty, another Van Diemen's Land settler, established himself without leave or license from the crown at Portland Bay (in Victoria), and had soon the happiness of seeing the stock he brought with him increase to seven thousand sheep, two hundred and forty-seven cattle, and twenty-five horses. Incited, perhaps, by Henty's success, Batman crossed to Port Phillip and concluded a treaty with the chiefs of the native tribes, by which they declared that they do "give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm" unto him,

"his heirs and assigns, all that tract of country situate and being in Port Phillip" (here follows the description) "containing about five hundred thousand acres, more or less." Mr. Labilliere preserves the inventory of the articles given as the price. The value of course was ludicrously small compared with that of the concession. But Batman further agreed to protect the chiefs and pay them annual tribute. On a part of the tract thus ceded, which Batman devoted to pastoral purposes, stands at present the city of Melbourne, with its population of more than two hundred thousand souls. The governor of Van Diemen's Land naturally refused to sanction the arrangement that had been made, as it would be "a departure from the principle upon which a Parliamentary sanction, *without reference to the aborigines*, has been given to the settlement of South Australia as part of the possessions of the crown." But finally a sum of 7,000*l.* was allowed to Batman and his associates "in consideration of expenses incurred by them in the first formation of the settlement." But Mr. Batman is not the only person entitled to the credit of this first formation. In 1835 Mr. Faulkner came from Van Diemen's Land and settled on the site of Melbourne, in rivalry, but not at variance, with Batman's party. In 1836 Captain Lonsdale arrived as official head; and from this time the settlement of Port Phillip grew rapidly in numbers and prosperity. Its soil and area made it less successful in the growth of wool than New South Wales, and in the cultivation of wheat than South Australia. But it combined these two industries as neither of its neighbors could, and thus approached more closely to the colonial idea of well-being. It was the creation of private enterprise, and from its earliest years was impatient of subordination to spiritless, benighted, official New South Wales. In 1851 its aspirations were satisfied by its establishment as a separate colony, under the name of Victoria. It is the youngest of the Australian group, and the most powerful. But its greatness is due not to its fields, nor its pastures, nor its ports, nor to the radical constitution it has established for itself. In 1851 — the year it became an independent colony — gold was found at Ballaarat. Not from Europe only, but from the struggling colonies around, adventurers flowed in — often at the rate of five hundred every day. The pasture lands of the Riverina and the wheatfields of South Australia were drained of cultivators and shepherds. The growing towns were deserted by the workmen — by all,

indeed, who had trust in their nerve and lucky star. The contagion of adventure was ever spreading. Convicts came from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales and added to the difficulties with which the young government had to deal. A vast multitude of men was soon collected, for whom there was no shelter, no system of supplies, no settled mode of rule. Where all had dreams of finding a fortune by one lucky stroke, none were content to earn the slow wages of labor or the profits of trade. Policemen could only be provided by offering extravagant rates of pay. Shopkeepers would only sell at exorbitant prices. The luxuries of life were more common than the comforts — even than what, according to Western notions, are the necessities of life. Men drank champagne at three guineas a bottle who could not afford to eat a well-cooked mutton chop. At first, society was saved by the rough methods known as lynch law. By degrees more settled methods were established. The charges imposed by government for permission to dig, gave rise to discontent, which in one instance ended in open revolt, suppressed only with great loss of life. The average earnings of the miners were no doubt less than those which could have been realized in regular industries. Some made large fortunes; many were ruined; and the profits of the gold-fields went in larger proportions to the traders than to those who found the gold. The fascination of the fields paralyzed for a time the development of production and commerce in the neighboring colonies, but in the end the result was happy. The want of the country was labor, and gold attracted it. There was need of concentration, and at the gold-fields sprang up organized societies with wants and the means of satisfying them. The growth of Melbourne is connected with the growth of Ballaarat, and is hardly so wonderful. Ballaarat was founded in 1852. In 1871 its population was nearly fifty thousand; it had fifty-six churches and three town halls. Its municipal revenue was 50,000*l.* It had sixty miles of water mains and fifty miles of gas mains. There were in it eleven banks, eight iron foundries, thirteen breweries, and three flour-mills. Gold has since been found and regularly worked in New South Wales, Queensland, and to some extent in Tasmania. West Australia — the most melancholy of Australian colonies — still cherishes dreams of finding in gold a solace for all the struggles and disappointments of the past, and there is every reason to believe that it exists in

large quantities in South Australia. But its fascination has ceased. It is obtained now, as a rule, by quartz-crushing — a system which requires capital or at least association and co-operation. Thus the returns are less speculative than those of the old system of alluvial washings, in which each man trusted to his own luck and his own energy. Miners' wages are high — higher, perhaps, than the average earnings of those who work on their own account at their own risk. Gold mining, like copper mining in South Australia and coal mining in New South Wales, is likely to be a permanent industry. In its beginning it has enriched Australia with much-needed labor, and the English language with such words as "chum" and "duffer."

Of the early history of the other colonies we must speak but briefly. Van Diemen's Land was occupied as a convict settlement in 1803. Convict labor soon covered it with well-made roads and other public works. Convict labor gave the free settlers many of the conveniences of slavery, from which institution it differed in no important respect. The bushrangers, or escaped convicts, here as in New South Wales, are the dreaded personages in the romance of early settlement. And the presence of so large a criminal element in the population was a perpetual subject of reproach and chagrin to the free colonists. Their complaints and protests were at last heard, and since 1853 no convicts have been sent to the island. So many painful associations linked themselves to the name Van Diemen's Land, that it was henceforth called Tasmania, after Tasman, its Dutch discoverer. In 1856 the colony was endowed with responsible government; but when it escaped from the control of the mother country, it also lost its claim to protection. The Tasmanians of to-day ascribe the decline of their prosperity, not only to the loss of convict labor and the abolition of the large penal establishments, but to the withdrawal of the British troops. Throughout Australia, generally, the sentiment of loyalty is strong, and they feel a regret, which is all the stronger because it is sentimental, that British soldiers should no longer be among them to represent the protecting energy of Great Britain. This is hardly the place to discuss the possibility or the desirability of making the connection between England and its colonies permanent. But assuming that the object is one worth striving for, it must be admitted that the social relations existing between British officers and the upper

classes of colonial society are an important element in securing their good-will.

South Australia, like Victoria, originated as a settlement of free colonists — not, like all the other territories, as a convict depot. In 1830 Sturt, one of the early explorers, starting from New South Wales, followed the Murrumbidgee to its confluence with the Murray, and thence followed the course of the Murray to the sea. His discoveries were followed by a survey of the country from that river to the Spencer Gulf, and by the formation of a company in London to "plant" a colony there. By this time the evils resulting from the want of system in previous attempts at colonization had been recognized. It was seen that society in the old world depended for its prosperity on the due distribution of functions to each individual, and that in new countries hitherto the universal desire for the possession of land, and the ease with which it was gratified, had prevented the formation of a healthy industrial framework. Large grants of land had been made to individuals, but they remained for the most part unoccupied and untilled. Mr. Wakefield's scheme of colonization was devised as a remedy for these evils, and it was to some extent adopted in the English act of 1834 for the formation of the colony of South Australia. The land was to be sold in small blocks, and the proceeds of the sale were to be devoted to the encouragement of immigration. Mr. Wakefield had strongly insisted that the land should only be disposed of for a "sufficient" price, but he had made no suggestion as to the application of the purchase money. The price in South Australia has never been less than twenty shillings an acre. Where attempts have been made to discover the sufficient price by auction, the result has been only to create a class of land agents who, with no honest intention of acquiring land themselves, contribute to levy tribute from those who wish to do so. The Board of Control for India had been established by government as a check upon the exercise of authority by the East India Company. By the act of 1834, a board of South Australian commissioners in London was created to be a check upon the exercise of authority by government. In practice, however, the power of control was little exercised. The act had further provided that as soon as the population of the new colony should have reached fifty thousand, a constitution with representative government should be granted to it. After some intermediate changes of system — the pop-

ulation, in 1850, having attained this limit — the colonists were allowed to elect sixteen out of the twenty-four members of the Legislative Council. Representative government was thus granted, not, as in the other colonies, as the result of popular pressure, but in accordance with the scheme for the creation of South Australia. But the people desired a still more popular constitution. New South Wales, the only colony to which a constitution had been granted, had been satisfied to leave the nomination of members of the upper house to the crown; but the more democratic instincts of South Australia were impatient of official control, and in 1866 the constitution now in force was proclaimed. Under it there are two houses: an upper house, elected by the country at large, and a lower house of seventy-two members, elected — two for each district — by manhood suffrage. The large expenditure on public works, in the first years of the colony's existence, involved it in debt. The proceeds of the land sales, instead of being devoted entirely to immigration, were devoted — one-third to immigration, one-third to public works, and a third to the repayment of the public debt. The financial equilibrium has long since been restored, and the price of land now forms part of the ordinary revenue of the colony. Copper was to South Australia what gold was to Victoria, and though, like other industries, it suffered by the rush for gold in 1851, it seems likely to be a more permanent source of prosperity. The wool trade has fluctuated, as elsewhere, the squatters gaining experience and devising modes of cheapening production after each fresh disaster. But the production of wool, which is the great industry of New South Wales, is, in South Australia, of importance second to that of wheat. She not only grows for her own consumption, but exports to the other colonies — to the Cape, to India and China, and to Great Britain. In 1866-67 the area under wheat was 457,628 acres; in 1870-1 it was 604,761 acres; but the uncertainty of the climate is shown by the fact that between those years the average crop per acre varied as follows: 1866-67, fourteen bushels twenty pounds; 1867-68, four bushels forty pounds; 1868-69, nine bushels forty-two pounds; 1869-70, five bushels forty-five pounds; 1870-71, eleven bushels thirty pounds.

Wine is produced in South Australia as well as in Victoria and West Australia. It is well adapted for local consumption, though in little favor. The poorer classes

prefer abominable concoctions simulating spirit: the richer prefer brandy or the light wines of France. The art of wine-making is acquired empirically and only by long local experience. Australian growers seem as yet to have failed in their attempts to please the English palate. But it is to be hoped that the efforts they made to make their wines known at the Paris Exhibition and the acknowledged excellence of some of the brands will overcome the inveterate prejudices of home consumers.

South Australia is more than a geographical expression, but as a geographical expression it has long ceased to be appropriate. The territory of the colony extends northward to the northern coast of the continent. While other colonies were discussing schemes for united action to secure telegraphic communication with Europe, South Australia, with characteristic enterprise, determined to secure to itself all the advantages of exclusive possession. The difficulties of pushing a line of telegraph through eighteen hundred miles of desert interior were at length successfully surmounted, and now the wire connects Adelaide on the south with Port Darwin on the north. Round Port Darwin a settlement has been formed which will soon, no doubt, become a colony and claim separation from the mother colony, as Queensland and Tasmania and Victoria did from New South Wales, and as sections of Queensland and New South Wales are now claiming from the rest of the territory to which they belong. As we write, the news comes that a new expedition for discovery and survey is projected from Queensland to Port Darwin. The settlement of the north-east coast will follow, and soon the hot northern coast-lands will be as well known, and perhaps as well peopled as the more temperate lands of the west and east and south.

Of West Australia we have still to speak. It was founded by a band of English emigrants under the direction of Captain (afterwards Sir James) Stirling. The nucleus of the settlement was the town of Perth on the Swan River, founded in 1829. Immigrants continued to arrive, but from the beginning the colony had difficulties and misfortunes to encounter such as fell to the lot of none of the other colonies. It had neither the cheap labor, nor the grants of imperial funds, nor the centralized system which fostered the growth of New South Wales and Tasmania. Nor was it the result of organized effort, like South Australia. The aboriginal inhabitants were of an especially savage and

irreconcilable type, and the relations of the colonists with them, in spite of the humane and conciliatory disposition of the governors, were bitter and bloody. The patches of cultivable land occurred at long intervals in the waste of sand and scrub-covered rock. Before the foundation of Perth there had been a convict depôt at St. George's Sound. In 1832, it was proposed to succor the distressed condition of the colonists, and relieve the embarrassment of Great Britain, which could find no home for its felons, by reviving the depot there. But the colony, as a whole, repudiated the scheme, and struggled on. Though cultivation slowly increased it failed to retain the labor necessary for its development, and in 1849, the broken-spirited settlement accepted the sad alternative of receiving convicts. In 1850, a penal settlement was established on the Swan River. The advantages hoped for were to some extent realized, but Victoria and South Australia, with natural horror of the convict taint, complained that the time-expired prisoners came and settled in their midst. Owing to their remonstrances convicts ceased, after 1860, to be sent to Swan River. The population of Western Australia is only twenty-five thousand, and during ten years ten thousand felons had been landed on its shores. In 1872, there were two thousand convicts still in confinement, or at large on ticket of leave, or under a conditional pardon. Of the remaining eight thousand those who had not died or gone to other colonies formed with their families part of the ordinary population. The result is, as Mr. Trollope says, that "the whole labor market of the colony savors of the convict element. Many of the most thriving shopkeepers came out as convicts. There are convict editors of newspapers. The convict flavor is over everything." Of course this social taint, added to the physical disadvantages of the country, discourages immigration, but the men themselves, however vicious in disposition or unprepossessing in feature, and however dissipated their habits may be, are at least restrained from crime. Life and property are as safe as elsewhere. The colony has always hoped and still hopes that gold will at last be discovered to attract labor, but hitherto the money spent in search and experiments has been spent in vain. Pearls have been found on the coast, but the class the fisheries enrich can hardly be regarded as inhabitants. Wool is the principal staple, but the production is small compared with that of other colonies. Of the patches of land suitable for pastoral

runs much is covered with poisonous herbage. Both soil and climate are in many places fit for wheat. But the system of farming is thoroughly bad, and hitherto there have been many failures from moth and rust.

Western Australia is the only Australian colony which has not a responsible representative government of its own. Yet it can hardly be called a crown colony in the strict sense of that term. The governor is in theory absolute and responsible. But besides his executive council of permanent officials there is a legislative council of eighteen members — six of whom are nominated by the government and twelve elected by the colony. And as the legislative council has the power of stopping supplies, it can of course contest the action of the governor. Such an arrangement as this, it is evident, is only tolerable as the precursor of regular representative institutions.

We have thus attempted to review the early history of each of the colonies. We have still to describe the general features of the process by which occupation spread inwards and laterally from the first centres of settlement. New South Wales, we have seen, commenced with a convict settlement. The free settlers who followed came to be cultivators, not stock farmers. The frequent droughts and floods soon taught them the climate was unfavorable to agriculture. But pasture, they found, was abundant, and the mildness of the winter and absence of beasts of prey made stock-keeping easier than in better-watered regions. The merino sheep was introduced, and soon superseded the previous breeds. About the same time a herd of cattle, kept at the settlement for meat, escaped, and showed graziers the way to finer pastures. In 1873 there were in Australia 4,340,638 horned cattle and 41,366,263 sheep. The first graziers, it must be remembered, were cultivators first and graziers after. Wheat had to be grown for the support of the convicts. Government was glad to give grants of land and convict labor and military protection from the outrages of the laborers thus given, to those who would establish out-settlements to grow the needed wheat. The best land was devoted to agriculture, but the poorer lands adjoining were stocked with sheep and cattle. As these increased fresh pastures were sought inland. Cattle were found to be the best pioneers of settlement — requiring little labor and none of that painful preparation that agriculture involves. Government conceded for a

nominal fee unrestricted rights of grazing in the apparently limitless interior, and thus the class of squatters arose. The dry air of the interior made the sheep healthy. Their wool was always marketable. Cattle, on the other hand, though they fattened even on the meagre herbage of the desert-like plains, yielded no return as soon as they increased beyond the number necessary to supply the population with meat. Sheep-runs therefore unconnected either with cultivation or the employment of convicts multiplied inwards. The droughts, which proved so mischievous to agriculture, and fluctuations in the external demand have from time to time depressed squatting enterprise. But from each disaster the sheep-farmers learned some mode of improving the staple or economizing their resources. Sheep, it is known, thrive best in a dry climate and by frequent change of pasture. The damp clay lands of the coast (where the rainfall is greater than inland) were therefore left for the most part to cattle—while the sheep were driven to the western slopes of Cordilleras, or eastern margin of the great inland plateau. The agriculturist followed the squatter, for land which is found to be good for sheep is favorable for the growth of food. But distance from ports and markets of course prescribed limits to the advance of settlement, and rich lands near the coast, like those of West Australia, were most readily occupied. Cattle were the most hardy stock, and were often sent to new land to prepare it for sheep. Riverina is the great plain country in the angle of New South Wales and Victoria, north of the Murray River, and intersected by the tributary streams of that great system. It was easily accessible from New South Wales and Victoria, and was already being stocked when the gold discoveries of 1857 gave an impetus to grazing by creating a demand for meat. Soon, not only the land near the rivers was taken up, but the land between, far from watercourses, was provided with water by dams and wells and fully occupied. The success of stock farming here tempted men northwards. From South Australia and New South Wales flocks were driven hundreds of miles to the interior. The accounts of explorers had led the new settlers to expect fair seasons. Much capital was sunk in constructing wells and dams. The herbage, though scanty, was rich in salt and fattening. But after a few years came a drought. The sheets of water dried up and wells failed. In the droughts or in

the floods which followed nearly all the sheep perished, and hardly a station of all those that had been established was maintained. The result of the simultaneous advance in Queensland was hardly less discouraging to the pioneers. Unlike the settlers of the Riverina they were men of little experience in stock-raising, and they secured lands rather as speculative investments than with the intention of occupying them themselves. Pastoral runs they saw were everywhere increasing in value, and they believed that the rich downs of Queensland would soon be at a premium. Much time and effort was, in the first place, wasted in the search of suitable lands as yet unallotted. Then the conditions imposed by government required that the land should be actually occupied. To occupy it stock and labor were necessary. Prices and wages were at the time very high, and the speculators had to borrow capital at excessive rates of interest. The returns from such outlay are very slow, and year after year they had to borrow fresh capital, to part with a portion of their land, or to mortgage the whole. Every one clung to his land, while no one prospered on it. At last the crisis came. In 1868 the price of wool fell to one-half of what it had been. The lands so long prized became almost unsalable. The speculators were ruined, and their creditors lost heavily. And when the trade in wool revived the benefit was reaped by new men, who had purchased the stations for nominal sums. The early squatters thought more of increasing the production of wool than of improving the breed of sheep. They depended upon imported rams, but year by year it became more apparent that careful attention to processes of natural selection, results in the creation, for each district, of breeds giving a better and more abundant staple.

At first the flocks of sheep—or “mobs” as they are called in Australia—were under the charge of shepherds, and were driven each morning to pasture, and at night confined to narrow folds. The dingoes, or wild dogs, and the hurtful spear-grass were the great dangers to be feared. As the pasturages began to show symptoms of exhaustion the mobs were driven to the virgin lands that lay beyond. But as settlement increased and the cost of labor rose, and the decreased value of wool compelled the squatter to fresh economy, it was found that it was better to fence in the runs and leave the sheep to seek their own pasture night and day within the limits of huge paddocks. In place

of many shepherds and messengers was one boundary rider. The result of this system was of course to impoverish the soil of the confined area. Thus in the more settled districts it has become the practice to sow imported grasses and trefoil in order to enrich the natural pasture. Under this more careful system of grazing it is profitable to keep sheep upon freehold. At first it would only pay to keep them on leasehold land, for which but small fees were paid, but the tendency of industrial development as well as of legislation, is to substitute for a system of huge squatters' leasehold lands a system of freehold sheep-farms. There have even been instances of cultivated lands reverting to pasture.

The largest number of sheep which a run can safely carry under one management is said on excellent authority to be ten thousand. But the number is often much greater than that. Yet so wide is the area over which they feed, that Mr. Trollope says the most striking feature in the aspect of the pastoral regions is the absence of sheep. Many of the squatters, especially in the older districts, are men of great wealth. But the provinces are, as a rule, working on capital borrowed from banks or merchants in the towns. The wool is shipped to England through the merchants, and for years its value goes only to reduce the debt. The rate of interest in the colonies is about double what it is in England, and on every fresh advance which the fluctuations of trade or the need of increased productive expenditure compels the squatter to solicit, a heavy commission is charged. The result is that often the pioneer is ruined, while his merchant, or his overseer, or even his shepherd, succeeds to the valuable property he has created.

Drought, we have said, is the great foe of the squatter. This is especially the case in South Australia, where flocks have sometimes been driven hundreds of miles from the interior to the coast in search of water. The dingoes are formidable, but their number is kept down by systematic poisoning. On old pastures disease attacks the sheep; their constitution deteriorates, and salt and tonics have to be supplied to them. But in the settled districts the squatters complain that they are victims, not to the "inexorability of Nature," but to the tyranny of human law. The free selector is dreaded more than the dingo. The benevolent intentions of the legislature have designed him to be a yeoman cultivator, but in practice he is, say

the squatters, a cattle-stealer. He establishes himself as a thorn in the side of the squatter, taking land from pasture which is never likely to produce wheat. He may be bribed into withdrawal, but while he remains he lives on the squatter's meat. The imputation seems to be hardly resented by the class on whom it is made. "I was once standing by," says Mr. Trollope, "over a kangaroo which we had hunted, and which a free selector who had made one in the hunt was skinning. 'You have heard of the cattle-stealers, sir,' he said, looking up at me; 'this is the way they do it by moonlight, I'm told.' He was owning himself to be a cattle-stealer, but he was not a bit ashamed of it." Vagrants, too, are a serious tax on the resources of the squatter. Want of hospitality to wayfarers would, in most cases, be want of humanity. Many an honest man in search of work depends for shelter and sustenance on the dwellers in the wilderness through which he passes. Anglo-Indian notions everywhere prevail, and the result is the existence of a class similar to the Anglo-Indian loafer. The fear of mischievous reprisal prevents individuals from doing any thing to check the evil. In India a special act was passed to prevent European vagrancy, and either legislation or associated action must effect the same end in Australia.

But in spite of all these drawbacks to human felicity, the life of a squatter and his assistants must be pronounced in the main a happy life. Horses are plentiful, and the work to be done involves regular habits and constant exercise in the open air. Lambing, washing, and shearing times are full of excitement. Rough plenty prevails. Mutton is, of course, a too familiar fare, but there is abundance of other meat and vegetables. Tea is the ordinary beverage of all classes, but brandy-and-water seems popular as a stimulant with the upper. The shearers and other laborers who assemble in large numbers during shearing-time drink tea only. But Sir Wilfred Lawson, and others who think with him that the drunkenness of England is due to the daily temptations of the public-house, ought to note that these Australian teetotalers look forward to one long drinking-bout at the end of their labors as the reward of their abstinence, and the best investment for their large earnings. The practice, whether it be due to inherited instinct or the survival of depraved tastes, is in every way to be deplored. A man can spend but little in Australia except in food. But rations are, as a rule, supplied

in addition to regular wages; and if the latter were saved and invested in freehold, Australia would soon have its longed-for yeomanry. Distances are so great that there is little of settled social intercourse between the scattered squatters. But when they travel on business they receive, and may almost demand, unbounded hospitality. Visits of this kind are frequent and welcome. The houses of the squatters are more like Indian bungalows than English residences. They are generally of one story only, and have the verandah as a principal feature. The storerooms, the offices and quarters for the servants and assistants, adjoin. The whole has an air rather of patriarchal plenty than of elegance and comfort. The richer squatter sometimes attempts to reproduce in his house and its surroundings the aspect of an English mansion and its grounds. But finished picturesqueness is wanting. The Australian settler takes pride and pleasure in the possession of books, but their life is too active to allow much leisure for reading; and culture, far removed from all that ministers to it, languishes. The surrounding scenery of course varies. Some of the runs are in forest-covered tracts, amid rocks and hills; others in what seems a flat, treeless waste. Elsewhere they occupy bare grassy downs. Where there is forest it contains little life or variety of charm. The limits of squatting are defined by climate. As the north is approached, sheep thrive less, and yield less wool. But the influences which are hostile to sheep are favorable, or at least not injurious, to horned stock. In the hot, damp climate of the north, and in the low coast-land, cattle thrive. They are harder than sheep, and require far less expenditure both for labor and cartage. Being better able to travel to find food, they can be maintained on pastures too poor for sheep. For this reason they have been pioneers in land subsequently occupied by sheep or brought under cultivation. The care of stock suits better the wild undisciplined habits of the aborigines than any other form of labor. Their services can be cheaply secured, and they have therefore been largely employed as assistants to the stockmen. Though fencing has of late years been resorted to, cattle are easily herded, and can, in the dry climate, be driven long distances without loss of condition. Cattle-stealing long harassed the cattle, but laws providing for the registration of brands have done much to check it. The only other special difficulty is the danger that the cattle will get wild and break away into the scrub. Re-

covering these runagates is perhaps the most exciting of Australian sports.

It was at one time hoped that the trade in preserved meat would enrich Australia and benefit the English consumer. The preparation was conducted in the most economical way. In one establishment, "the meat was preserved, the essence extracted, the tallow made into soap and candles, hides made into leather, the hoofs boiled for oil, the bones crushed, and the refuse dried and compressed into manure." But the advantage in price has not been sufficient to make the consumption considerable in England, and the profits of the Australian producer were very small. The success of the effort to bring fresh meat in freezing-chambers to England, promises better for the future of both wool-growing and stock-keeping in Australia. The fashion in wool changes and converts the profits of the squatter to a loss, but the demand for good mutton is constant, and tolerably uniform; and, of course, the increased value of the meat would enable the wool-grower to compete on more favorable terms with the wool-growers of other countries. The Australian horses are hardy and strong: they are bred in large numbers for home use and for export. Most of the weight-carrying horses of Anglo-Indians are "Walers." Pasture is abundant, and the horses require absolutely no care. Sometimes they break away into the bush, and thus large herds of wild horses are formed, which occupy pastures coveted by the squatters. The work of expelling them is excellent sport. Few of those captured are worth breaking in, and in many places they are ruthlessly shot down. The wild horse rapidly degenerates. The emblem of Australia is the kangaroo, but the figure of a centaur would be more appropriate. Every one rides, and horse-racing is even more than in England a national sport.

But the great ambition of protectionist and democratic Australia is to grow its own food supplies — that is to say, its own wheat, for no other breadstuff is generally used — and to substitute the small farmer for the squatter. The eastern seaward slopes are, as a rule, fitted neither by climate nor soil for the growth of wheat. Few river valleys of any breadth traverse them, and the crops they yield are chiefly maize and sugarcane and grass and vines and oranges. But the inland slopes of the mountain-chain spread out in downs, which, though for the most part devoted to wool, are admirably fitted for wheat. Such are the Darling downs in Queensland, and,

south of these, the highlands of New England; and again, south of Sydney, the high cold country of Manera.

North of the Murray River stretch the plains of Riverina. They include all the country watered by the Darling and its tributary streams, and have no definite limit northwards. Admirable for pasture, they would also be admirable for wheat, if only the rainfall were sufficient. To the south-east, and on the margin of the rivers, the free selector has made good his hold, and wheat is grown. To grow it profitably, the rainfall must be not only large on an average of years, but fairly uniform. The chance of ample and steady rainfall diminishes as the distance from the coast increases; and so spasmodic is the action of the river system, that no practicable scheme of irrigation has been devised. But the area of land fit for wheat, and, as yet, unsold, is very large compared with that under cultivation. Much depends on the character of the settler. In South Australia, where many thrifty Germans have made a home for themselves, wheat is grown in large quantities on lands with a lower rainfall than lands elsewhere, which other settlers find unprofitable. The need of thrift and dogged industry during the first years of cultivation is obvious. The land has to be cleared of trees before even preparations for sowing can be made; and the country offers absolutely no wild produce which can be used for food. Then droughts and floods must be regarded as normal phenomena. It can hardly be matter of surprise that deserted freeholds are so common in New South Wales. Many of the free selectors eke out the produce of their farms by the wages they earn as carters, or as laborers for the neighboring squatters; and the squatters who complain of their presence are too apt to forget the advantages they reap from it in this respect. The system of cultivation is unscientific. Labor is dear, and therefore the great object is to economize it. The corn is reaped by a machine which thrashes as it reaps. There is no attempt at rotation of crops: manure is not given, and even the stubble is often burnt in the ground. By such superficial methods the farmer has earned for himself the name of cockatoo—for he does not till, but scratch. He has but one defence—the system pays, and perhaps no other would. Posterity will suffer—not he. And if he were not a cockatoo, the land would lie uncultivated. Wasteful use is better than useless waste.

The Australian farmer's homestead has
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nothing of the picturesque comfort of the English farmhouse. It is a mere hut in the midst of fields. The fields, indeed, are fenced to keep off the cattle of the neighboring grazing grounds, and to satisfy the requirements of the land laws, but there is no garden nor old trees, nor anything round which the associations of home can grow. The farmer comes not to find a home but to make money by growing wheat. When the soil is impoverished he migrates to fresh land. As settlement has been extended in the south African colonies by Dutch farmers "trekking" inland to escape from British rule; so it has been extended inward in Australia by cultivators in search of "fresh fields" and graziers in quest of "pastures new." The object of democratic legislation in Australia has been to attract immigrants, and to create a class of peasant proprietors. Land has not the same sentimental value in new countries as in old, but the Australian elector has not been able to divest himself of the feelings with which the state of society in England inspired him. He carries to the new country antipathies engendered in the old. He does not ask himself how the land of his adoption may be best developed, but how it may be saved from the power of capitalists and large landed proprietors. The risks which attend the enterprise of the squatter and the large scale on which his operations are conducted, render the possession or the command of capital absolutely necessary. The immense extent of land required render it impossible for him to purchase it. He has it on lease—and for grazing only. This monopoly of land—possibly of land suited for wheat—by capitalists, is an abomination to the democratic elector. He forgets that the class which supplies immigrants are attracted not by the prospect of the possession of land, but by the prospect of earnings. If wages are higher than the profits of cultivation they prefer to be workmen—not farmers. And wages, as a rule, are higher than the profits of a poor, inexperienced farmer. But to the fascination of abstract theory was added the class rancor of the ignorant and demagogue-driven workman against the better-educated, prosperous, and perhaps selfish, squatter. In the electoral struggle the squatters have been defeated. In Victoria and New South Wales the rule of free selection before survey prevails. By this rule any one can select anywhere a prescribed area of land not as yet alienated by the State, and by complying with certain conditions as to personal residence and improvements, and by pay-

ing a small amount of purchase money, spread in easy instalments over a term of years, can obtain a title to its possession as freehold. The area is limited in order to prevent the growth of large estates. The purchase money is fixed, not with a view to increasing the general revenue of the colony so much as to enable it to execute the works necessary to bring the land within reach of markets. The price fixed is, we believe, nowhere less than twenty shillings an acre. There are no limits to this power of choice. The free selector may oust the squatter from the best portions of his leasehold run, or he may take a part which seriously diminishes the utility of the rest. It is notorious that land is often chosen not for its value to the selector but on account of the injury with which the selection threatens the squatter. He naturally complains that while the term of his lease is unexpired his lands should be thus invaded. He claims to have discovered its capabilities and to have, by his capital, by his energy, by his daring even, to have developed them and converted the wilderness into a place of men. To protect himself from the wanton wrong which, as the squatter believes, the law does him, he is content to evade it. When a run is threatened by free selectors too numerous or too respectable to be bought off, the squatter himself becomes a free selector of the threatened parts or of parts which command the rest. He buys in the name of his relatives, his servants, his friends — often in names which are wholly imaginary. By this system of dummying, considerable portions of squatters' leaseholds have become his freehold, and legislation has thus precipitated the evil against which it was directed. But the wrong done to the squatter is as nothing compared to the wrong done to the class of free selectors and the common weal. Much of the land now devoted to pasture is fit for tillage, and no one can reasonably complain if on these the squatter should give place to the farmer. But the lands chosen are often entirely unsuited to tillage. In South Australia the system of selection *after* survey prevails. In western Australia an attempt is made to confine the selections to areas on which a compact community can grow. But elsewhere the inexperienced immigrant is allowed to wander where he pleases and select whatever he takes a fancy to. The result is that the country is covered with straggling homesteads, and that while good wheat-land lies unused labor is wasted on land which never will be fit for wheat. The disad-

vantages under which the children of these scattered settlers labor as regards education is a grave evil in a country which depends for its future as much on the character of its people as on its own natural capabilities. Already the ignorance of these children of the wilderness is a reproach to Australia. The free selectors themselves are often cattle-stealers; are often ruined and driven to bushranging. Of eight hundred thousand acres alienated in New South Wales only one hundred and forty-seven thousand were sown with wheat in 1871. If the lands were compact within a smaller area, education and markets would be within reach, government would be easy, and instead of struggling, isolated families, there would be a community strong for mutual support. The large freeholders — the true aristocracy of Australia — have even a graver grievance than the leasehold squatter. In the early days of colonization large tracts were given to them or to their fathers as an inducement to them to devote energy and capital to the development of the country. It was then a wilderness, and nothing was known as to its capabilities. After a thousand struggles and failures they succeeded in introducing breeds of animals which flourish there now — and the crops which their experience and their outlay have shown to be most suitable. They have made roads, built bridges, and laid out towns. Now that the landowner has shown what the lands are fit for he wants tenants for those he cannot occupy himself. But the very tenants he would wish to get — the men with a little capital — the system of free selection has tempted to scatter themselves all over the country. They prefer unprofitable freeholds to profitable leaseholds. The tenants who offer themselves are men whom one bad season ruins. Hence this arable land is generally devoted to grazing; for "sheep are the only tenants whose crops do not fail."

The remedy for these evils is not to make the leasehold squatter secure in his domain, but to allow selection to be made only in districts which survey by experienced persons has shown to be suitable both as regards soil and access to markets. Where free selections thrive their prosperity is generally due to the fact that they are allowed to graze cattle in the waste land round their holdings. If the price of land were reduced — if lands fit for grazing, though not for agriculture, were sold in sufficiently large plots to render grazing profitable at a few shillings an acre, instead of at twenty shillings, a class of

grazing farmers would be created that would confer on the country all the blessings hoped for from the class of tillage farmers.

Queensland, the most tropical of the colonies, is the seat of sugar cultivation. Unlike other crops, the cane requires two seasons to ripen, and therefore one year of drought or excessive rain or cold, will imperil the produce of two. The cultivation is encouraged by a heavy protective duty, and in favorable parts of the coastlands, near to markets, has proved singularly remunerative. The climate is such that white men cannot do field-work, and even if they could, the high pay that would be necessary would prevent Queensland growers from competing with the growers of other climes who depend altogether on cheap tropical labor. Up to 1871 the work of the sugar plantations was chiefly done by laborers imported from various islands of Polynesia. The traffic seems to have been conducted under stringent regulations for securing the Polynesian from coercion, ill-usage, forcible detention, or bad faith. Of forty-three hundred imported up to 1871, twenty-seven hundred had returned to their homes, possessors of fortunes such as avarice never dreamt of in their own country, and endowed with habits of industry, such as, it might well be hoped, would render them missionaries of civilization to their fellows. But the coolie traffic for other regions than Queensland was not so rigidly controlled — was not, indeed, controlled at all, and true stories of kidnapping and outrage stirred English philanthropists to action. Unfortunately their zeal was not according to knowledge, and was shown in undeserved denunciations of what was called Queensland slavery. Within the colony itself white labor, shrinking from the competition of blacks, clamored for protection and prohibitions, and their selfish outcry was mistaken for an echo of the philanthropic sentiment of England. The traffic declined, and the Queensland planters have now to look to India and China for coolie labor. Cotton, which it was once attempted to encourage by a bounty on exportation, is still grown in large quantities near Brisbane, but elsewhere it has given place to sugar.

Mining industries, though at present secondary to agriculture and grazing, are likely in no distant future to be the chief element in Australian prosperity. We have spoken already of the discoveries of gold and copper. Tin was found in New South Wales in 1872, and a tin fever followed, which resembled in all its stages

the gold fever. Coal-fields of immense extent exist in many parts of the east coast and far away into the interior. But many years must elapse before the population is dense enough to allow the inland fields to be worked. At present those only are utilized which are within reach of the sea, or close to rivers. The Hunter River is the Tyne of Australia. At its mouth is the important town of Newcastle, whence coal is exported in large quantities to India, China, and other centres of eastern Asia. Iron is brought there to be smelted. Elsewhere in Queensland and New South Wales the iron ores (which exist in rich deposits on the surface in the neighborhood of freestone) are smelted at the mines — the dense forests of large timber supplying ample fuel. But the time will come when forest timber will be no longer available, and then the coal seams will be worked. It is to be hoped that the Australian governments, which in so many respects show wise prevision, will save the country from the disastrous consequences which have elsewhere ensued on the destruction of forests. With coal and iron Queensland and New South Wales will become a new England in the East. They will first manufacture their own implements and then their own ships and cotton goods. Victoria has no coal, and despite the vigor of her citizens, ambitious Melbourne will not rival the greatness of apathetic Sydney.

The great obstacle to industrial development is everywhere the difficulty of transit. The squatter two hundred miles inland has to draw all his supplies from the coast and send all his wool there for shipment to England. The roads, except in the most settled districts, are mere improvised tracks, while the rivers generally have bar mouths, and are navigable only for a short distance from the sea. The only navigable system is that of the Darling, and even it is not navigable to its mouth. Traffic, too, is possible only at certain seasons, and is liable to frequent interruption. Yet so great is the difficulty and expense of land carriage, that the produce of Riverina finds its way by the tortuous windings of the rivers to a point on the Murray, and thence by rail to distant Melbourne, rather than by a comparatively short route overland to the much nearer port of Sydney.

Railways run straight inland from several of the chief ports; but, with the exception of the line destined to connect Melbourne and Sydney, none go from one

centre of population to another. The reason is, of course, that population is densest on the coast, and that here communication by sea is easy. South Australia, elated by its success in constructing the telegraph line across the continent, thought of making a railway as well, and thus peopling the interior. But the physical conditions on which we have so often dwelt ordain that as the centre of the continent is approached, population and production must diminish in relation to area. Railways inland, therefore, can never give rise to settlement as they have done in America. The traffic can never require great speed or frequent trains. The first lines constructed were of the most costly type, but the advantages of cheap, light lines are now recognized. Railways, we may remark, have been constructed by the government. Private enterprise would certainly not have ventured on the necessary outlay, and the benefits they have conferred are undoubted. But the corrupting influence which the construction and maintenance of the lines has had, both on the government and the constituencies, justifies to a great extent the often expressed objections to entrusting such functions to the State. The scramble for public works grants of all kinds is, next to the democratic instinct, the great depraving influence in Australian politics. The candidates who succeed are not the men who are fitted by character and ability for the duties of legislation, but the men who have the knack of pleasing and amusing the electors; who can promise most glibly roads and railways and bridges; who attack most rancorously men of property and position, and announce them as oppressors of the honest laborer. Ministers must use the same arts to secure Parliamentary support as the members do to secure suffrages. Members and districts alike are bribed with grants from public funds for local works. The needs of the district are not considered, but its claims on the ministry. In such an atmosphere personal integrity cannot long exist. Many of the projects are mere jobs intended to benefit not a locality even, but a few individuals. The management of the State property is extravagant and corrupt. Personal and political considerations—often even coarser forms of inducement—determine the way in which lands are assigned and contracts given. Loan after loan is contracted with a light heart. The public debt grows, and only the substitution of local administrative governments for the system of centralized authority can save colonial finance

from permanent disorder. The income from the sales of land being reckoned as ordinary revenue for a time conceals the danger, and the vigor of a young community will, in any case, repair the waste of unthrifty government.

Hardly anywhere in Australia is there any class, except the mercantile and trading classes of the towns, intermediate between the large capitalist and the laborer. At first the squatters were supreme in legislation, and selfishly used their power to save the lands they leased from agricultural occupation. But the various forms of mining industry led to the introduction of a large class of workmen, to whom, under the new constitutions, political power passed. They hated the squatters and the principles which squatting represented. Already the large freeholders desired the creation of a farming class to take their land on lease. The democracy created instead the class of free selectors. Production they endeavored to develop or to maintain where it languished by protective duties. Everything was protected—what the colony could not produce as well as what it could produce—everything except the produce of the squatter. The mercantile classes, who of course were mainly importers, opposed it. The press opposed it. The intelligence of the country opposes it, but the doggedness of the ignorant masses maintains it. The home government of course preferred free trade, but could not force it on an unwilling colony. It insisted only, in justice to foreign nations with whom it had treaty relations, and perhaps in the hope that practical inconvenience would be more convincing than abstract argument, that the goods of one colony should not be admitted on more favorable terms into another than the goods of foreign countries. The Australian colonies pay for their economic hobby not only by the misdirection of their industry, but by the expense and inconvenience of having to maintain against each other a customs barrier. The Riverina is politically connected with New South Wales, but all its imports and exports are by way of Melbourne. Commercially it is a part of Victoria, but the New South Wales government levies duty on all the goods which pass the Murray River. To obviate this inconvenience it was arranged that the Victoria government should collect and appropriate to its own use all the duties at Melbourne, and pay a lump sum annually as compensation to New South Wales. But a dispute arose as to the amount, and a barrier as discred-

itable as that of the Indian Inland Customs line is still maintained. Confederation of the Australian colonies is a consummation that can hardly be hoped for very soon. But a customs union—such as that which existed between the German States—is the only remedy for the present intolerable obstacles to inter-colonial trade. To the council appointed to superintend the working of such a union other common functions—defence, for instance, and foreign relations—will by degrees be assigned, and thus the object of confederation will be slowly attained.

We have seen that Victoria and Queensland successfully claimed independence of New South Wales. Further separations are the great questions of local politics. Riverina—a district of squatters—though it finds the inconvenience of being politically connected with New South Wales—having its trade in Melbourne and its courts of justice in Sydney—is yet unwilling to be absorbed in democratic Victoria. It therefore claims to be made an independent colony. Rockhampton, in Queensland, is indignant that Brisbane should be enriched by the establishment of public offices there, and that the district round Brisbane, having a preponderance of votes, should have an unfair proportion of the public funds spent in works for its benefit. It, too, claims independence, but the claim is met by the protests of Bowen—a centre of population still further north. Bowen objects to the supremacy of Rockhampton on the very grounds on which Rockhampton objects to the supremacy of Brisbane. Thus every district—especially those which are most remote from the seat of government—desires separation. Parties too weak in the legislature often unite to support each other's schemes. But the more remote and less developed regions have not representation enough to make themselves heard, even by this process of "log-rolling." Confederation and decentralization will alone prevent the indefinite multiplication of these claims—by diminishing the prerogatives, and therefore the charms, of independence, and by removing the grievances which at present make subordination irksome.

We have said that the Australian States are democratic, but they are so in varying degrees. In Queensland the franchise is higher than elsewhere. The squatting interest is still powerful, and, as a result, salutary restraints are imposed on the power of selecting land for agriculture. The area has been surveyed and classified,

and only the cultivation appropriate to each soil is permitted. Like New South Wales, it has attempted to create a yeoman class, but it has done so by recognizing the fact that the inland soil is suited for grazing, rather than for agriculture. Land is given at low rates as freehold for grazing; and the prosperous grazing farms of Queensland are a happy contrast to the scattered patches of the free-selecting cultivators of New South Wales. South Australia, too, has adopted the system of selection *after* survey, and New South Wales, though it permits free selection before survey, is less protectionist than Victoria. Victoria, the most prosperous of all, is the most democratic. It is indeed, perhaps, the most democratic state that exists, or has ever existed. The attempt of the squatters to save their leasehold lands from invasion has long since been defeated. The battle is now being fought over the lands they have acquired in freehold. That the form of acquisition was legal hardly any one denies. That the acquisition was in most cases opposed to the common interests of the colony, and that the squatters, as a class, have shown selfish indifference to those interests, not many will deny. The democracy wishes to open out fields for industry: the squatters prefer to reserve their lands for grazing, and thus exclude industry. Confiscation has been proposed; resumption at equitable rates has been proposed; but the favorite remedy is a tax on large landed estates, the rate being enhanced according to the degree in which the estate exceeds the untaxed minimum. The disputes as to the payment of members and the mode of making the will of the lower house override that of the upper house are mere incidents or phases of this controversy. Financial distress gives the question urgency. The proceeds of the land sales have long been treated as revenue, when they ought in truth to have been regarded as capital. Now that they begin to fail and that the customs—under the fatal influence of protection—language, democracy looks round for some means of escape from the consequences of its own extravagance.

In all the colonies (except western Australia) the English model of government by queen (*i.e.* governor), lords (*i.e.* Legislative Council), and commons (*i.e.* Legislative Assembly), has been followed. In Queensland and New South Wales the council is nominated by the governor on the advice of his ministers. In South Australia and Victoria it is elective. We need not give details as to the qualifica-

tions of electors and candidates. In Victoria, a member of council must own property worth 2,500*l.*, and the elector must pay rent or rates to the value of 50*l.* Thus the upper chamber represents property generally and not, as is often assumed in our newspapers, merely the squatting interests. For elections to the assembly there is manhood suffrage, and no property qualification. Members of the assembly receive a yearly salary. The elections excite little interest or excitement, and are hardly ever attended with disorder. This is due in part to the system of voting by ballot, but chiefly to popular indifference. Minorities have been hopelessly crushed. Political life has no venerable associations, and little of present dignity to attract the cultured classes. The history of the country is one of slow development, and presents none of those crises in which great men can stand forth and win fame. The character of the career, and the character of those who choose it, act and react on each other. As a rule, men of wealth and education enter Parliament only to procure the passing of some measure in which they are personally interested; and, as a rule, elections turn not on broad questions of political principle, but on considerations of local or personal advantage. Such political capacity as exists in the assemblies is due to the existence of the much-abused class of professional politicians. If most men go to Parliament only for the sake of business, it is well that a few should make a business of going there. In that, as in other professions, professional skill ought to lead to professional feelings of honor.

The affectionate loyalty of Australians to the mother country is shown in their adherence to English Parliamentary forms. The custom of our House of Commons is the code of colonial assemblies. There is generally an absence of dignity and too often of decorum in the conduct of debates — and discussions are too often mere wrangling over local jobs or interchange of coarse personalities. There are endless disputes on points of order, and the speaker is perpetually on his legs. Did we not remember the session of 1877 in our own House of Commons we should add that tactics of obstruction are resorted to such as no assembly of reasonable men ought to tolerate. Notwithstanding this endless flow of talk few speakers acquire even decent fluency of correct expression. It is to Oxford, not to Sydney, that we owe the incisive rhetoric of Mr. Lowe. Society in Australia is still young and

small, and the delegates but represent the faults of their constituencies. The eighty-six members of the Victoria Assembly represent a population of only 629,776. The population of South Australia is 225,677, and of Western Australia 27,321. We ought to compare the Australian houses rather with London vestries or rural boards than with our own legislature. A free society in a healthy and productive climate must progress, whatever be the faults of its representative institutions. Melbourne, with its population of 247,000, and Sydney with its population of 167,000 would be considered large cities, even in England. In all that makes the life of their present inhabitants happy — in all that tends to the well-being of posterity — they are as rich as the most fortunate of English cities. Happily for their country, there is as yet no need for a system of State relief of distress. But grants of public money assist benevolent associations in succoring the helpless. The system of popular instruction is excellent, and a university provides for the need — not at present, it would seem, very acutely felt — of higher education. Churches, chapels, and conventicles of every creed and hue, attest the religious instincts of the people. The public offices are stately — the streets wide and well cared for. The gardens are so extensive that the country may be said to saturate the town. Beyond the great cities life assumes a less polished form. Nothing can be more primitive than the ordinary features of bush life. The towns, where they occur, are very small. A sanguine prudence has, in nearly every case, laid out the plans with geometrical precision and wild prodigality of space. The skeleton thus framed is but slightly clothed with flesh, and the comfort and picturesqueness of the present is sacrificed to the needs of the future. The great features of the towns seem to be street alignments, churches, hotels, and banks — the latter following the example of Lombard Street in architectural pretension. Education in the bush has till recently been much neglected, but is now regarded as a matter of pressing importance. The character of the working class is drawn in favorable colors. They are in better circumstances than their English brethren. They are less self-conscious in their assertion of independence, and therefore more polite. As a class they are not so sharply distinguished from the other classes of the country by difference of education as the mass of English workmen are, but the continued inflow of uneducated

emigrants is one of the chief causes which have depraved politics. Prosperity fits a man for political functions, but the sudden change from poverty to affluence upsets his intelligence and self-control. Tippling is uncommon—but occasional bouts of drunkenness form, as we have had occasion to say before, the dear delights of life. Next to the workman's antipathy to capital and squatting—perhaps, indeed, even above it—must be reckoned his dislike of colored labor. He may possibly feel the objections to it which, in the minds of dispassionate judges, seem to justify his hostility, but his immediate reason for hating it is that it is cheap. We cannot, of course, condemn it on this ground. The Chinaman or Polynesian is cheap because the food he eats is easily grown and he has no habits which require much outlay. He and his habits are, perhaps, better suited to the climate than the European and European habits, and give more promise of permanency. We see no reason to believe that the man with simpler wants is less capable of improvement and development than the man with wants acquired under other conditions than those he has to work under. We see that in the northern colonies cheap labor—colored labor—is necessary for utilizing the productive resources of the country. But we also see that the population which gives the labor is transitory and incapable of becoming an element in a healthy State. The profligacy and indecency of the Chinese communities is so gross and open that we sympathize with the feeling of indignation and almost shame which self-respecting workmen must feel at their proximity. But this question of setting a limit to the growth and spread of depraved yet industrious races, is one we cannot discuss within the limits we assign to ourselves. Probably in Australia the political solution will be a recognition of the fact that there are two zones of country—one for white labor and one for colored. In the former we shall have countries organized on the Western model; in the latter we shall have an oligarchy of white directors of labor, and under it a mass of toiling, unprivileged, colored men.

It is pleasant to dream of a greater Britain at the antipodes, where the English language will be spoken, English literature had in loving honor, and English traditions be treasured long after the inevitable doom of decadence has befallen our island kingdom. But the future of the white population is not yet so well assured that we can say with confidence that the dream will be realized. The experiment of acclimatiza-

tion has not been tried long enough to determine whether our race can adapt itself to the new conditions without loss of vigor and persistence. In India, we believe, pure European blood is sterile in the third generation. In America the physical degeneracy of persons of pure American extraction is acknowledged. The race would languish and become either extinct or effete, but for the ever fresh infusion of European blood. While the Australian cricketers are still among us, it seems rash to say that the "native" Australian is physically inferior to the Englishman. But he is certainly of lighter build—more agile, perhaps, and as enduring, but not so strong. Mentally they are, as contrasted with Englishmen, precocious and quick rather than sound. Manners, of course, are due rather to temporary environments than to inherent qualities. The rich men—the aristocrats—are often men of the humblest origin; and there is no aristocracy of birth, or even of education, to give tone to society and establish a standard of manners. This is delicate ground, and the general estimate we give must be understood to be subject to many exceptions. If the upper classes are often uncultured, it must be remembered that in the ranks of the strugglers are many men of gentle English birth. Society is not as in England distinguished by sharp contrasts. The gentles are rougher, the simples are more polished than at home. Here in England statesmen talk without hesitation or regret of the possibility of colonial independence and separation. But in Australia it is treason to do so. The Colonial Office may be abused, but the English connection is very dear, and every symbol of it is valued. A Victorian is proud of Melbourne, and a New South Wales man of Sydney, but there is no sentiment of pride or loyalty regarding Australia as a whole. We are of those who hold that the affection of the colonists should be prized and cherished by our country, and that in our policy we should not encourage the idea nor even anticipate the possibility of separation. There may perhaps never be a self-sustaining Anglo-Saxon population in Australia, but the decline of England must be rapid indeed if for centuries to come we shall not be able to send the overflow of a healthy people to maintain the vigor of our distant settlements.

Of the works, the titles of which we have prefixed to this article, those of Mr. Ranken and Mr. Trollope are well known. Mr. Ranken's is at once philosophic and practical—scientific and business-like.

He treats adequately of all the conditions — social, physical, and political, which govern the development of nations, while his style, Tacitean almost in brevity and suggestiveness, admits of several passages of finished picturesqueness of expression. Mr. Trollope is perhaps more readable. Full of genial common sense, he speaks rather as an intelligent and practised observer than as an expert. To both our acknowledgments are due, but especially to Mr. Ranken. Mr. Labilliere's work seems to have been written rather for Victorians than for Englishmen. It contains many details of interest but, on the whole, rather materials for history than history — rather archives than annals.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XL.

DREAMS.

THIS long and terrible night: will it never end? Or will not life itself go out, and let the sufferer have rest? The slow and sleepless hours toil through the darkness; and there is a ticking of a clock in the hushed room; and this agony of pain still throbbing and throbbing in the breaking heart. And then, as the pale dawn shows gray in the windows, the anguish of despair follows him even into the wan realms of sleep, and there are wild visions rising before the sick brain. Strange visions these are; the confused and seething phantasmagoria of a shattered life; himself regarding himself as another figure, and beginning to pity this poor wretch who is not permitted to die. "Poor wretch! poor wretch!" he says to himself. "Did they use to call you Macleod; and what is it that has brought you to this?"

See now! He lays his head down on the warm heather, on this beautiful summer day; and the seas are all blue around him, and the sun is shining on the white sands of Iona. Far below, the men are singing "*Fhir a bhata*" and the sea-birds are softly calling. But suddenly there is a horror in his brain; and the day grows black; but an adder has stung him! it is *Rìghinn* — the Princess — the Queen of Snakes. Oh, why does she laugh, and

look at him so with that clear, cruel look? He would rather not go into this still house where the lidless-eyed creatures are lying in their awful sleep. Why does she laugh? Is it a matter for laughing that a man should be stung by an adder, and all his life grow black around him? For it is then that they put him in a grave; and she — she stands with her foot on it! There is moonlight around, and the jackdaws are wheeling overhead; our voices sound hollow in these dark ruins. But you can hear this, sweetheart: shall I whisper it to you? "*You are standing on the grave of Macleod.*"

Lo! the grave opens! Why, Hamish, it was no grave at all, but only the long winter; and now we are all looking at a strange thing away in the south, for who ever saw all the beautiful flags before that are fluttering there in the summer wind? O sweetheart! your hand — give me your small, warm, white hand. See! we will go up the steep path by the rocks; and here is the small white house; and have you never seen so great a telescope before? And is it all a haze of heat over the sea, or can you make out the quivering phantom of the lighthouse — the small gray thing out at the edge of the world? Look! they are signalling now; they know you are here: come out, quick! to the great white boards, and we will send them over a message, and you will see that they will send back a thousand welcomes to the young bride. Our ways are poor; we have no satin bowers to show you, as the old songs say; but do you know who are coming to wait on you? The beautiful women out of the old songs are coming to be your handmaidens — I have asked them — I saw them in many dreams — I spoke gently to them — and they are coming. Do you see them? There is the bonnie Lizzie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to be off with young Macdonald; and Burd Helen — she will come to you pale and beautiful; and proud Lady Maisry that was burned for her true love's sake; and Mary Scott of Yarrow that set all men's hearts aflame. See, they will take you by the hand. They are the Queen's Maries. There is no other grandeur at Castle Dare.

Is this Macleod? They used to say that Macleod was a man! They used to say he had not much fear of anything. But this is only a poor trembling boy — a coward trembling at everything, and going away to London with a lie on his lips.

And they know how Sholto Macleod died, and how Roderick Macleod died, and Ronald, and Duncan the fair-haired, and Hector; but the last of them — this poor wretch — what will they say of him? "Oh, he died for the love of a woman!" She struck him in the heart, and he could not strike back, for she was a woman. Ah, but if it was a man, now! They say the Macleods are all become sheep, and their courage has gone, and if they were to grasp even a rose-leaf they could not crush it. It is dangerous to say that; do not trust to it. Oh, is it you, you poor fool in the newspaper who are whirling along behind the boat? Does the swivel work? Are the sharks after you? Do you hear them behind you, cleaving the water? The men of Dubh Artach will have a good laugh when we whisk you past. What! you beg for mercy? — come out, then, you poor devil! Here is a tarpaulin for you. Give him a glass of whiskey, John Cameron. And so you know about theatres; and perhaps you have ambition too; and there is nothing in the world so fine as people clapping their hands? But you — even you — if I were to take you over in the dark, and the storm came on; you would not think that I thrust you aside to look after myself? You are a stranger; you are helpless in boats: do you think I would thrust you aside? It was not fair — oh, it was not fair: if she wished to kill my heart, there were other things to say than that. Why, sweetheart, don't you know that I got the little English boy out of the water; and you think I would let you drown! If we were both drowning now, do you know what I should do? I should laugh and say, "Sweetheart, sweetheart, if we were not to be together in life, we are now in death, and that is enough for me."

What is the slow, sad sound that one hears? The grave is on the lonely island; there is no one left on the island now; there is nothing but the grave. "*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Oh no, not that! That is all over; the misery is over, and there is peace. This is the sound of the sea-birds, and the wind coming over the seas, and the waves on the rocks. Or is it Donald, in the boat, going back to the land? The people have their heads bent; it is a lament the boy is playing. And how will you play the "*Comhadh na Cloinne*" to-night, Donald? — and what will the mother say? It is six sons she has to think of now; and Patrick

Mòr had but seven dead when he wrote the "Lament of the Children." Janet, see to her! Tell her it is no matter now; the peace has come; the misery is over; there is only the quiet sound of the waves. But you, Donald, come here. Put down your pipes, and listen. Do you remember the English lady who was here in the summer-time; and your pipes were too loud for her, and were taken away? She is coming again. She will try to put her foot on my grave. But you will watch for her coming, Donald; and you will go quickly to Hamish; and Hamish will go down to the shore, and send her back. You are only a boy, Donald; she would not heed you; and the ladies at the castle are too gentle, and would give her fair words; but Hamish is not afraid of her; he will drive her back — she shall not put her foot on my grave; for my heart can bear no more pain.

And are you going away — *Rose-Leaf* — *Rose-Leaf* — are you sailing away from me on the smooth waters to the south? I put out my hand to you; but you are afraid of the hard hands of the northern people, and you shrink from me. Do you think we would harm you, then, that you tremble so? The savage days are gone; come — we will show you the beautiful islands in the summer-time; and you will take high courage, and become yourself a Macleod; and all the people will be proud to hear of Fionaghal the Fair Stranger who has come to make her home among us. Oh, our hands are gentle enough when it is a rose-leaf they have to touch. There was blood on them in the old days; we have washed it off now: see — this beautiful red rose you have given me is not afraid of rough hands! We have no beautiful roses to give you, but we will give you a piece of white heather, and that will secure to you peace and rest and a happy heart all your days. You will not touch it, sweetheart? Do not be afraid! There is no adder in it. But if you were to find, now, a white adder, would you know what to do with it? There was a sweetheart in an old song knew what to do with an adder. Do you know the song? The young man goes back to his home, and he says to his mother, "O make my bed soon; for I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doon." Why do you turn so pale, sweetheart? There is the whiteness of a white adder in your cheeks; and your eyes — there is death in your eyes! Donald! — Hamish! help! help! — her foot is coming near to my grave! — my heart —

And so, in a paroxysm of wild terror and pain, he awoke again, and behold, the ghastly white daylight was in the room—the cold glare of a day he would fain have never seen. It was all in a sort of dream that this haggard-faced man dressed, and drank a cup of tea, and got outside into the rain—the rain, and the noise of the cabs, and the gloom of London skies: these harsh and commonplace things were easier to bear than the dreams of the sick brain. And then, somehow or other, he got his way down to Aldershot, and sought out Norman Ogilvie.

"MacLeod!" Ogilvie cried, startled beyond measure by his appearance.

"I—I wanted to shake hands with you, Ogilvie, before I am going," said this hollow-eyed man, who seemed to have grown old.

Ogilvie hesitated for a second or two; and then he said vehemently,—

"Well, MacLeod, I am not a sentimental chap, but—but—hang it! it is too bad. And again and again I have thought of writing to you, as your friend, just within the last week or so; and then I said to myself that tale-bearing never came to any good. But she won't darken Mrs. Ross's door again—that I know. Mrs. Ross went straight to her the other day. There is no nonsense about that woman. And when she got to understand that the story was true, she let Miss White know that she considered you to be a friend of hers, and that—well, you know how women give hints——"

"But I don't know what you mean, Ogilvie," he cried, quite bewildered. "Is it a thing for all the world to know? What story is it—when I knew nothing till yesterday?"

"Well, you know now: I saw by your face a minute ago that she had told you the truth at last," Ogilvie said. "MacLeod, don't blame me. When I heard of her being about to be married, I did not believe the story——"

MacLeod sprang at him like a tiger, and caught his arm with the grip of a vise.

"Her getting married?—to whom?"

"Why, don't you know?" Ogilvie said, with his eyes staring. "Oh yes, you must know. I see you know. Why, the look in your face when you came into this room——"

"Who is the man, Ogilvie?"—and there was the sudden hate of ten thousand devils in his eyes.

"Why, it is that artist fellow—Lemuel. You don't mean to say she hasn't told you? It is the common story. And Mrs. Ross

thought it was only a piece of nonsense—she said they were always making out those stories about actresses—but she went to Miss White. And when Miss White could not deny it, Mrs. Ross said there and then they had better let their friendship drop. MacLeod, I would have written to you—upon my soul, I would have written to you—but how could I imagine you did not know? And do you really mean to say she has not told you anything of what has been going on recently—what was well known to every body?"

And this young man spoke in a passion too: Keith MacLeod was his friend. But MacLeod himself seemed, with some powerful effort of will, to have got the better of his sudden and fierce hate; he sat down again; he spoke in a low voice; but there was a dark look in his eyes.

"No," said he slowly, "she has not told me all about it. Well, she did tell me about a poor creature—a woman-man—a thing of affection, with his paint-box and his velvet coat and his furniture: Ogilvie, have you got any brandy?"

Ogilvie rang, and got some brandy, some water, a tumbler, and a wineglass placed on the table. MacLeod, with a hand that trembled violently, filled the tumbler half full with brandy.

"And she could not deny the story to Mrs. Ross?" said he, with a strange and hard smile on his face. "It was her modesty. Ah, you don't know, Ogilvie, what an exalted soul she has. She is full of idealisms. She could not explain all that to Mrs. Ross. I know. And when she found herself too weak to carry out her aspirations, she sought help. Is that it? She would gain assurance and courage from the woman-man?"

He pushed the tumbler away; his hand was still trembling violently.

"I will not touch that, Ogilvie," said he, "for I have not much mastery over myself. I am going away now—I am going back now to the Highlands. Oh! you do not know what I have become since I met that woman—a coward and a liar! They wouldn't have you sit down at the mess table, Ogilvie, if you were that: would they? I dare not stay in London now. I must run away now—like a hare that is hunted. It would not be good for her or for me that I should stay any longer in London."

He rose, and held out his hand: there was a curious glazed look on his eyes. Ogilvie pressed him back into the chair again.

"You are not going out in this condition, Macleod — you don't know what you are doing. Come now, let us be reasonable; let us talk over the thing like men. And I must say, first of all, that I am heartily glad of it, for your sake. It will be a hard twist at first; but, bless you! lots of fellows have had to fight through the same thing, and they come up smiling after it, and you would scarcely know the difference. Don't imagine I am surprised, — oh no. I never did believe in that young woman; I thought she was a deuced sight too clever; and when she used to go about humbugging this one and the other with her innocent airs, I said to myself, 'Oh, it's all very well; but *you* know what you are about.' Of course there was no use talking to you. I believe at one time Mrs. Ross was considering the point whether she ought not to give you a hint, seeing that you had met Miss White first at her house, that the young lady was rather clever at flirtation, and that you ought to keep a sharp look-out. But then you would only have blazed up in anger. It was no use talking to you. And then, after all, I said that if you were so bent on marrying her, the chances were that you would have no difficulty, for I thought the bribe of her being called Lady Macleod would be enough for any actress. As for this man Lemuel, no doubt he is a very great man, as people say; but I don't know much about these things myself; and — and — I think it is very plucky of Mrs. Ross to cut off two of her lions at one stroke. It shows she must have taken an uncommon liking for you. So you must cheer up, Macleod. If women take a fancy to you like that, you'll easily get a better wife than Miss White would have made. Mind you, I don't go back from anything I ever said of her. She is a handsome woman, and no mistake; and I will say that she is the best waltzer that I ever met with in the whole course of my life — without exception. But she's the sort of woman who, if I married her, would want some looking after — I mean, that is my impression. The fact is, Macleod, away there in Mull you have been brought up too much on books and your own imagination. You were ready to believe any pretty woman, with soft English ways, an angel. Well, you have had a twister; but you'll come through it; and you will get to believe, after all, that women are very good creatures, just as men are very good creatures, when you get the right sort. Come now, Macleod, pull yourself together. Perhaps I have just as

hard an opinion of her conduct toward you as you have yourself. But you know what Tommy Moore, or some fellow like that, says: 'Though she be not fair to me, what the devil care I how fair she be?' And if I were you I would have a drop of brandy — but not half a tumblerful."

But neither Lieutenant Ogilvie's pert common sense, nor his apt and accurate quotation, nor his proffered brandy, seemed to alter much the mood of this haggard-faced man. He rose.

"I think I am going now," said he, in a low voice. "You won't take it unkindly, Ogilvie, that I don't stop to talk with you. It is a strange story you have told me — I want time to think over it. Good-by."

"The fact is, Macleod," Ogilvie stammered, as he regarded his friend's face, "I don't like to leave you. Won't you stay and dine with our fellows? Or shall I see if I can run up to London with you?"

"No, thank you, Ogilvie," said he. "And have you any message for the mother and Janet?"

"Oh, I hope you will remember me most kindly to them. At least I will go to the station with you, Macleod."

"Thank you, Ogilvie; but I would rather go alone. Good-by, now."

He shook hands with his friend — in an absent sort of way — and left. But while yet his hand was on the door, he turned and said, —

"Oh, do you remember my gun that has the shot barrel and the rifle barrel?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And would you like to have that, Ogilvie? — we sometimes had it when we were out together."

"Do you think I would take your gun from you, Macleod?" said the other. "And you will soon have plenty of use for it now."

"Good-by, then, Ogilvie," said he; and he left, and went out into the world of rain and lowering skies and darkening moors.

And when he went back to Dare it was a wet day also; but he was very cheerful; and he had a friendly word for all whom he met; and he told the mother and Janet that he had got home at last, and meant to go no more a-roving. But that evening, after dinner, when Donald began to play the lament for the memory of the five sons of Dare, Macleod gave a sort of stifled cry, and there were tears running down his cheeks — which was a strange thing for a man; and he rose and left the hall, just as a woman would have done.

And his mother sat there, cold, and pale, and trembling; but the gentle cousin Janet called out, with a piteous trouble in her eyes, —

"Oh, auntie, have you seen the look on our Keith's face ever since he came ashore to-day?"

"I know it, Janet," said she. "I have seen it. That woman has broken his heart — and he is the last of my six brave lads."

They could not speak any more now; for Donald had come up the hall; and he was playing the wild, sad wail of the "*Cumhadh na Cloinne*."

CHAPTER XLI.

A LAST HOPE.

THOSE sleepless nights of passionate yearning and despair, those days of sullen gloom broken only by wild cravings for revenge that went through his brain like spasms of fire, these were killing this man. His face grew haggard and gray; his eyes morose and hopeless; he shunned people as if he feared their scrutiny; he brooded over the past in a silence he did not wish to have broken by any human voice. This was no longer Macleod of Dare. It was the wreck of a man — drifting no one knew whither.

And in those dark and morbid reveries there was no longer any bewilderment. He saw clearly how he had been tricked and played with. He understood now the coldness she had shown on coming to Dare; her desire to get away again; her impatience with his appeals; her anxiety that communication between them should be solely by letter. "Yes, yes," he would say to himself — and sometimes he would laugh aloud in the solitude of the hills — "she was prudent. She was a woman of the world, as Stuart used to say. She would not quite throw me off — she would not be quite frank with me — until she had made sure of the other. And in her trouble of doubt, when she was trying to be better than herself, and anxious to have guidance, *that* was the guide she turned to — the woman-man, the dabbler in paint-boxes, the critic of carpets and wall-papers!"

Sometimes he grew to hate her. She had destroyed the world for him. She had destroyed his faith in the honesty and honor of womanhood. She had played with him as with a toy — a fancy of the brain — and threw him aside when something new was presented to her. And when a man is stung by a white adder, does he not turn and stamp with his heel?

Is he not bound to crush the creature out of existence, to keep God's earth and the free sunlight sweet and pure?

But then — but then — the beauty of her! In dreams he heard her low, sweet laugh again; he saw the beautiful brown hair; he surrendered to the irresistible witchery of the clear and lovely eyes. What would not a man give for one last, wild kiss of the laughing and half-parted lips? His life? And if that life happened to be a mere broken and useless thing — a hateful thing — would he not gladly and proudly fling it away? One long, lingering, despairing kiss; and then a deep draught of Death's black wine!

One day he was riding down to the fishing station when he met John MacIntyre the postman, who handed him a letter, and passed on. Macleod opened this letter with some trepidation, for it was from London; but it was in Norman Ogilvie's handwriting.

"DEAR MACLEOD, — I thought you might like to hear the latest news. I cut the inclosed from a sort of half-sporting, half-theatrical paper our fellows get; no doubt the paragraph is true enough. And I wish it was well over and done with, and she married out of hand; for I know until that is so, you will be torturing yourself with all sorts of projects and fancies. Good-by, old fellow. I suppose when you offered me the gun, you thought your life had collapsed altogether, and that you would have no further use for anything. But no doubt, after the first shock, you have thought better of that. How are the birds? I hear rather bad accounts from Ross; but then he is always complaining about something.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORMAN OGILVIE."

And then he unfolded the newspaper cutting which Ogilvie had inclosed. The paragraph of gossip announced that the Piccadilly Theatre would shortly be closed for repairs; but that the projected provincial tour of the company had been abandoned. On the reopening of the theatre, a play, which was now in preparation, written by Mr. Gregory Lemuel, would be produced. "It is understood," continued the newsman, "that Miss Gertrude White, the young and gifted actress who has been the chief attraction at the Piccadilly Theatre for two years back, is shortly to be married to Mr. L. Lemuel, the well-known artist; but the public have no reason to fear the withdrawal from the stage of so popular a favorite; for she has consented

to take the chief rôle in the new play, which is said to be of a tragic nature."

Macleod put the letter and its enclosure into his pocket, and rode on. The hand that held the bridle shook somewhat; that was all.

He met Hamish.

"Oh, Hamish!" he cried, quite gayly. "Hamish, will you go to the wedding?"

"What wedding, sir?" said the old man; but well he knew. If there was any one blind to what had been going on, that was not Hamish; and again and again he had in his heart cursed the English traitor-ess who had destroyed his master's peace.

"Why, do you not remember the English lady that was here not so long ago? And she is going to be married. And would you like to go to the wedding, Hamish?"

He scarcely seemed to know what he was saying in this wild way; there was a strange look in his eyes, though apparently he was very merry. And this was the first word he had uttered about Gertrude White to any living being at Dare ever since his last return from the south.

Now what was Hamish's answer to this gay invitation? The Gaelic tongue is almost devoid of those meaningless expletives which, in other languages, express mere annoyance or temper. When a Highlander swears, he usually swears in English. But the Gaelic curse is a much more solemn and deliberate affair.

"*May her soul dwell in the lowermost hall of perdition!*"—that was the answer that Hamish made; and there was a blaze of anger in the keen eyes and in the proud and handsome face.

"Oh yes," continued the old man in his native tongue, and he spoke rapidly and passionately, "I am only a serving-man; and perhaps a serving-man ought not to speak; but perhaps sometimes he will speak. And have I not seen it all, Sir Keith?—and no more of the pink letters coming; and you going about a changed man, as if there was nothing more in life for you? And now you ask me if I will go to the wedding! And what do I say to you, Sir Keith? I say this to you—that the woman is not now living who will put that shame on Macleod of Dare!"

Macleod regarded the old man's angry vehemence almost indifferently: he had grown to pay little heed to anything around him.

"Oh yes, it is a fine thing for the English lady," said Hamish, with the same proud fierceness, "to come here and amuse herself. But she does not know the Mull

men yet. Do you think, Sir Keith, that any one of your forefathers would have had this shame put upon him? I think not. I think he would have said, 'Come, lads, here is a proud madam that does not know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will; and we will teach her a lesson. And before she has learned that lesson, she will discover that it is not safe to trifle with a Macleod of Dare.' And you ask me if I will go to the wedding! I have known you since you were a child, Sir Keith, and I put the first gun in your hand, and I saw you catch your first salmon; it is not right to laugh at an old man."

"Laughing at you, Hamish? I gave you an invitation to a wedding."

"And if I was going to that wedding," said Hamish, with a return of that fierce light to the gray eyes, "do you know how I would go to the wedding? I would take two or three of the young lads with me. We would make a fine party for the wedding. Oh yes; a fine party! And if the English church is a fine church, can we not take off our caps as well as any one? But when the pretty madam came in, I would say to myself, 'Oh yes, my fine madam, you forgot it was a Macleod you had to deal with, and not a child, and you did not think you would have a visit from two or three of the Mull lads?'"

"And what then?" Macleod said, with a smile—though this picture of his sweetheart coming into the church as the bride of another man had paled his cheek.

"And before she had brought that shame on the house of Dare," said Hamish excitedly, "do you not think that I would seize her—that I would seize her with my own hands? And when the young lads and I had thrust her down into the cabin of the yacht—oh yes, when we had thrust her down and put the hatch over—do you think the proud madam would be quite so proud?"

Macleod laughed a loud laugh.

"Why, Hamish, you want to become a famous person! You would carry off a popular actress, and have all the country ringing with the exploit! And would you have a piper, too, to drown her screams—just as Macdonald of Armadale did when he came with his men to South Uist and carried off Flora Macdonald's mother?"

"And was there ever a better marriage than that—as I have heard many a man of Skye say?" Hamish exclaimed eagerly. "Oh yes, it is good for a woman to know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will! And when we have the

fine English madam caged up in the cabin, and we are coming away to the north again, she will not have so many fine airs, I think. And if the will cannot be broken, it is the neck that can be broken; and better that than that Sir Keith Macleod should have a shame put on him."

"Hamish, Hamish, how will you dare to go into the church at Salen next Sunday?" Macleod said; but he was now regarding the old man with a strange curiosity.

"Men were made before churches were thought of," Hamish said curtly; and then Macleod laughed, and rode on.

The laugh soon died away from his face. Here was the stone bridge on which she used to lean to drop pebbles into the whirling clear water. Was there not some impression even yet of her soft warm arm on the velvet moss? And what had the voice of the streamlet told him in the days long ago? — that the summer-time was made for happy lovers; that she was coming; that he should take her hand and show her the beautiful islands and the sunlit seas before the darkening skies of the winter came over them. And here was the summer sea; and moist, warm odors were in the larch wood; and out there Ulva was shining green, and there was sunlight on the islands and on the rocks of Erisgeir. But she — where was she? Perhaps standing before a mirror, with a dress all of white, and trying how orange blossoms would best lie in her soft brown hair. Her arms are uplifted to her head; she smiles: could not one suddenly seize her now by the waist, and bear her off, with the smile changed to a blanched look of fear? The wild pirates have got her; the rose-leaf is crushed in the cruel northern hands; at last — at last — what is in the scabbard has been drawn and declared, and she screams in her terror!

Then he fell to brooding again over Hamish's mad scheme. The fine English church of Hamish's imagination was no doubt a little stone building that a handful of sailors could carry at a rush. And of course the yacht must needs be close by; for there was no land in Hamish's mind that was out of sight of the salt-water. And what consideration would this old man have for delicate fancies and studies in moral science? The fine madam had been chosen to be the bride of Macleod of Dare; that was enough. If her will would not bend, it would have to be broken. That was the good old way: was there ever a happier wife than the lady of Armadale, who had been carried scream-

ing down-stairs in the night-time, and placed in her lover's boat, with the pipes playing a wild pibroch all the time?

Macleod was in the library that night when Hamish came to him with some papers. And just as the old man was about to leave, Macleod said to him, —

"Well, that was a pretty story you told me this morning, Hamish, about the carrying off of the young English lady. And have you thought any more about it?"

"I have thought enough about it," Hamish said in his native tongue.

"Then perhaps you could tell me, when you start on this fine expedition, how you are going to have the yacht taken to London? The lads of Mull are very clever, Hamish, I know; but do you think that any one of them can steer the 'Umpire' all the way from Loch-na-Keal to the river Thames?"

"Is it the river Thames?" said Hamish, with great contempt. "And is that all — the river Thames? Do you know this, Sir Keith, that my cousin Colin Laing, that has a whiskey shop now in Greenock, has been all over the world, and at China, and other places; and he was the mate of many a big vessel; and do you think he could not take the 'Umpire' from Loch-na-Keal to London? And I would only have to send a line to him and say, 'Colin, it is Sir Keith Macleod himself that will want you to do this;' and then he will leave twenty or thirty shops — ay, fifty and a hundred shops — and think no more of them at all. Oh yes, it is very true what you say, Sir Keith. There is no one knows better than I the soundings of Loch Scridain and Loch Tua; and you have said yourself that there is not a bank or a rock about the islands that I do not know; but I have not been to London. No, I have not been to London. But is there any great trouble in getting to London? No, none at all, when we have Colin Laing on board."

Macleod was apparently making a gay joke of the matter; but there was an anxious, intense look in his eyes all the same — even when he was staring absently at the table before him. "Oh yes, Hamish," he said, laughing in a constrained manner, "that would be a fine story to tell; and you would become very famous — just as if you were working for fame in a theatre; and all the people would be talking about you. And when you got to London, how would you get through the London streets?"

"It is my cousin who would show me

the way: has he not been to London more times than I have been to Stornoway?"

"But the streets of London — they would cover all the ground between here and Loch Scridain; and how would you carry the young lady through them?"

"We would carry her," said Hamish curtly.

"With the bagpipes to drown her screams?"

"I would drown her screams myself," said Hamish, with a sudden savageness; and he added something that Macleod did not hear.

"Do you know that I am a magistrate, Hamish?"

"I know, Sir Keith."

"And when you come to me with this proposal, do you know what I should do?"

"I know what the old Macleods of Dare would have done," said Hamish proudly, "before they let this shame come on them. And you, Sir Keith — you are a Macleod too; ay, and the bravest lad that ever was born in Castle Dare! And you will not suffer this thing any longer, Sir Keith; for it is a sore heart I have from the morning till the night; and it is only a serving-man that I am; but sometimes when I will see you going about — and nothing now cared for, but a great trouble on your face — oh, then, I say to myself, 'Hamish, you are an old man, and you have not long to live; but before you die you will teach the fine English madam what it is to bring a shame on Sir Keith Macleod!'"

"Ah, well, good-night now, Hamish; I am tired," he said; and the old man slowly left.

He was tired — if one might judge by the haggard cheeks and the heavy eyes; but he did not go to sleep. He did not even go to bed. He spent the livelong night, as he had spent too many lately, in nervously pacing to and fro within this hushed chamber, or seated with his arms on the table, and the aching head resting on the clasped hands. And again those wild visions came to torture him — the product of a sick heart and a bewildered brain; only now there was a new element introduced. This mad project of Hamish's, at which he would have laughed in a saner mood, began to intertwist itself with all these passionate longings and these troubled dreams of what might yet be possible to him on earth; and wherever he turned it was suggested to him; and whatever was the craving and desire of the moment, this, and this only, was the

way to reach it. For if one were mad with pain, and determined to crush the white adder that had stung one, what better way than to seize the hateful thing and cage it, so that it should do no more harm among the sons of men? Or if one were mad because of the love of a beautiful white princess, and she far away, and dressed in bridal robes, what better way than to take her hand, and say, "Quick, quick, to the shore! For the summer seas are waiting for you; and there is a home for the bride far away in the north?" Or if it was only one wild despairing effort — one last means of trying — to bring her heart back again? Or if there was but the one fierce captured kiss of those lips no longer laughing at all? Men had ventured more for far less reward, surely? And what remained to him in life but this? There was at least the splendid joy of daring and action!

The hours passed; and sometimes he fell into troubled sleep as he sat with his head bent on his hands — but then it was only to see those beautiful pictures of her that made his heart ache all the more. And sometimes he saw her all in sailor-like white and blue, as she was stepping down from the steamer; and sometimes he saw the merry duchess coming forward through the ballroom, with her saucy eyes and her laughing and parted lips; and sometimes he saw her before a mirror; and again she smiled — but his heart would fain have cried aloud in its anguish. Then again he would start up, and look at the window. Was he impatient for the day?

The lamp still burned in the hushed chamber. With trembling fingers he took out the letter Ogilvie had written to him, and held the slip of printed paper before his bewildered gaze. "The young and gifted actress." She is "shortly to be married." And the new piece that all the world will come to see, as soon as she is returned from her wedding tour, is "of a tragic nature."

Hamish, Hamish, do you hear these things? Do you know what they mean? Oh, we will have to look sharp if we are to be there in time! Come along, you brave lads; it is not the first time that a Macleod has carried off a bride. And will she cry, do you think — for we have no pipes to drown her screams? Ah, but we will manage it another way than that, Hamish! You have no cunning, you old man! There will be no scream when the white adder is seized and caged.

But surely no white adder! O sweet-heart, you gave me a red rose! And do you remember the night in the garden, with the moonlight around us, and the favor you wore next your heart was the badge of the Macleods? You were not afraid of the Macleods then; you had no fear of the rude northern people; you said they would not crush a pale rose-leaf. And now—now—see! I have rescued you; and those people will persuade you no longer; I have taken you away—you are free! And will you come up on deck now, and look around on the summer sea? And shall we put in to some port, and telegraph that the runaway bride is happy enough; and that they will hear of her next from Castle Dare? Look around, sweetheart: surely you know the old boat. And here is Christina to wait on you; and Hamish—Hamish will curse you no more—he will be your friend now. Oh, you will make the mother's heart glad at last: she has not smiled for many a day.

Or is it the proud madam that is below, Hamish; and she will not speak; and she sits alone in all her finery? And what are we to do with her now, then—to break her will? Do you think she will speak when she is in the midst of the silence of the northern seas? Or will they be after us, Hamish? Oh, that would be a fine chase, indeed; and we would lead them a fine dance through the western isles; and I think you would try their knowledge of the channels and the banks. And the painter fellow, Hamish, the woman-man, the dabbler—would he be in the boat behind us?—or would he be down below, in bed in the cabin, with a nurse to attend him? Come along, then!—but beware of the overfalls off Tiree, you southern men! Or is it a race for Barra Head, and who will be at Vatersay first? There is good fishing-ground on the Sgriobh bhan, Hamish; they may as well stop to fish as seek to catch us among our western isles. See, the dark is coming down, are these the Monach lights in the north?—Hamish, Hamish, we are on the rocks, and there is no one to help her! Oh, sweetheart!—sweetheart!—

The brief fit of struggling sleep is over; he rises and goes to the window; and now, if he is impatient for the new day, behold! the new day is here. Oh, see how the wan light of the morning meets the wan face! It is the face of a man who has been close to death; it is the face of

a man who is desperate. And if, after the terrible battle of the night, with its uncontrollable yearning and its unbearable pain, the fierce and bitter resolve is taken?—if there remains but this one last despairing venture for all that made life worth having? How wildly the drowning man clutches at this or that, so only that he may breathe for yet a moment more! He knows not what miracle may save him; he knows not where there is any land; but only to live—only to breathe for another moment—that is his cry. And then, mayhap, amid the wild whirl of waves, if he were suddenly to catch sight of the shore, and think that he was getting near to that, and see awaiting him there a white princess, with a smile on her lips and a red rose in her outstretched hand, would he not make one last convulsive effort before the black waters dragged him down?

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE.

THE mere thought of this action, swift, immediate, impetuous, seemed to give relief to the burning brain. He went outside, and walked down to the shore; all the world was asleep; but the day had broken fair and pleasant, and the sea was calm and blue. Was not that a good omen? After all, then, there was still the wild, glad hope that Fionaghal might come and live in her northern home; the summer days had not gone forever; they might still find a red rose for her bosom at Castle Dare.

And then he tried to deceive himself. Was not this a mere lover's stratagem? Was not all fair in love as in war? Surely she would forgive him, for the sake of the great love he bore her, and the happiness he would try to bring her all the rest of her life? And no sailor, he would take care, would lay his rough hand on her gentle arm. That was the folly of Hamish. There was no chance in these days for a band of northern pirates to rush into a church and carry off a screaming bride. There were other ways than that; gentler ways; and the victim of the conspiracy—why, she would only laugh in the happy after-time and be glad that he had succeeded. And meanwhile he rejoiced that so much had to be done. Oh yes, there was plenty to think about now, other than those terrible visions of the night. There was work to do; and the cold sea air was cooling the fevered brain, so that it all seemed pleasant and easy and glad. There was Colin Laing to be summoned

from Greenock, and questioned. The yacht had to be provisioned for a long voyage. He had to prepare the mother and Janet for his going away. And might not Norman Ogilvie find out somehow when the marriage was to be, so that he would know how much time was left him?

But with all this eagerness and haste he kept whispering to himself counsels of caution and prudence. He dared not awaken her suspicion by professing too much forgiveness or friendliness. He wrote to her — with what a trembling hand he put down those words, *Dear Gertrude*, on paper, and how wistfully he regarded them! — but the letter was a proud and cold letter. He said that he had been informed she was about to be married; he wished to ascertain from herself whether that was true. He would not reproach her either with treachery or deceit; if this was true, passionate words would not be of much avail. But he would prefer to be assured, one way or another, by her own hand. That was the substance of the letter.

And then, the answer! He almost feared she would not write. But when Hamish himself brought that pink envelope to him, how his heart beat! And the old man stood there in silence, and with gloom on his face: was there to be, after all, no act of vengeance on her who had betrayed Macleod of Dare?

These few words seemed to have been written with unsteady fingers. He read them again and again. Surely there was no dark mystery within them?

"DEAR KEITH, — *I cannot bear to write to you. I do not know how it has all happened. Forgive me, if you can; and forget me.* G."

"Oh, Hamish," said he, with a strange laugh, "is it an easy thing to forget that you have been alive? That would be an easy thing, if one were to ask you? But is not Colin Laing coming here to-day?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," Hamish said, with his eyes lighting up eagerly, "he will be here with the 'Pioneer,' and I will send the boat out for him. Oh yes; and you are wanting to see him, Sir Keith?"

"Why, of course," Macleod said. "If we are going away on a long voyage, do we not want a good pilot?"

"And we are going, Sir Keith?" the old man said; and there was a look of proud triumph in the keen face.

"Oh, I do not know yet," Macleod said impatiently. "But you will tell Christina that if we are going away to the south, we

may have lady visitors come on board some day or another; and she would be better than a young lass to look after them, and make them comfortable on board. And if there is any clothes or ribbons she may want from Salen, Donald can go over with the pony; and you will not spare any money, Hamish, for I will give you the money."

"Very well, sir."

"And you will not send the boat out to the 'Pioneer' till I give you a letter; and you will ask the clerk to be so kind as to post it for me to-night at Oban; and he must not forget that."

"Very well, sir," said Hamish; and he left the room, with a determined look about his lips, but with a glad light in his eyes.

This was the second letter that Macleod wrote; and he had to keep whispering to himself, "Caution! caution!" or he would have broken into some wild appeal to his sweetheart far away: —

"DEAR GERTRUDE" (he wrote), — "I gather from your note that it is true you are going to be married. I had heard some time ago; so your letter was no great shock to me; and what I have suffered — well, that can be of no interest to you now, and it will do me no good to recall it. As to your message, I would forgive you freely; but how can I forget? Can you forget? Do you remember the red rose? But that is all over now, I suppose; and I should not wonder if I were, after all, to be able to obey you, and to forget very thoroughly, not that alone, but everything else. For I have been rather ill of late — more through sleeplessness than any other cause, I think; and they say I must go for a long sea-voyage; and the mother and Janet both say I should be more at home in the old 'Umpire' — with Hamish and Christina and my own people round me — than in a steamer; and so I may not hear of you again until you are separated from me forever. But I write now to ask you if you would like your letters returned, and one or two keepsakes, and the photographs: I would not like them to fall into other hands; and sometimes I feel so sick at heart that I doubt whether I shall ever again get back to Dare. There are some flowers, too; but I would ask to be allowed to keep them, if you have no objection — and the sketch of Ulva, that you made on the deck of the 'Umpire' when we were coming back from Iona, I would like to keep that, if you have no objection. And I remain your faithful friend,

"KEITH MACLEOD."

Now at the moment he was writing this letter Lady Macleod and her niece were together, the old lady at her spinning-wheel, the younger one sewing. And Janet Macleod was saying, —

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad Keith is going away now in the yacht; and you must not be vexed at all or troubled if he stays a long time; for what else can make him well again? Why, you know that he has not been Keith at all of late — he is quite another man — I do not think any one would recognize him. And surely there can be no better cure for sleeplessness than the rough work of the yachting; and you know Keith will take his share, in despite of Hamish; and if he goes away to the south, they will have watches, and he will take his watch with the others, and his turn at the helm. Oh, you will see the change when he comes back to us!"

The old lady's eyes had slowly filled with tears.

"And do you think it is sleeplessness, Janet," said she, "that is the matter with our Keith? Ah, but you know better than that, Janet."

Janet Macleod's face grew suddenly red; but she said hastily, —

"Why, auntie, have I not heard him walking up and down all the night, whether it was in his own room or in the library? And then he is out before any one is up: oh yes, I know that when you cannot sleep the face grows white and the eyes grow tired. And he has not been himself at all — going away like that from every one, and having nothing to say, and going away by himself over the moors. And it was the night before last he came back from Kinloch, and he was wet through, and he only lay down on the bed, as Hamish told me, and would have slept there all the night but for Hamish. And do you not think that was to get sleep at last — that he had been walking so far, and coming through the shallows of Loch Scridain, too? Ah, but you will see the difference, auntie, when he comes back on board the 'Umpire'; and we will go down to the shore, and we will be glad to see him that day."

"Oh yes, Janet," the old lady said, and the tears were running down her face; "but you know — you know. And if he had married you, Janet, and staid at home at Dare, there would have been none of all this trouble. And now — what is there now? It is the young English lady that has broken his heart; and he is no longer a son to me, and he is no longer your cousin, Janet, but a broken-hearted

man that does not care for anything. And you are very kind, Janet; and you would not say any harm of any one. But I am his mother — I — I — well, if the woman was to come here this day, do you think I would not speak? It was a bad day for us all that he went away — instead of marrying you, Janet."

"But you know that could never have been, auntie," said the gentle-eyed cousin, though there was some conscious flush of pride in her cheeks. "I could never have married Keith."

"But why, Janet?"

"You have no right to ask me, auntie. But he and I — we did not care for each other — I mean, we never could have been married. I hope you will not speak about that any more, auntie."

"And some day they will take me, too, away from Dare," said the old dame, and the spinning-wheel was left unheeded; "and I cannot go into the grave with my five brave lads; for where are they all now, Janet? — in Arizona one, in Africa one, and two in the Crimea, and my brave Hector at Königsgrätz. But that is not much: I shall be meeting them all together; and do you not think I shall be glad to see them all together again just as it was in the old days? and they will come to meet me; and they will be glad enough to have the mother with them once again. But Janet, Janet, how can I go to them? What will I say to them when they ask about Keith — about Keith, my Benjamin, my youngest, my handsome lad?"

The old woman was sobbing bitterly, and Janet went to her and put her arms round her, and said, —

"Why, auntie, you must not think of such things. You will send Keith away in low spirits if you have not a bright face and a smile for him when he goes away."

"But you do not know — you do not know," the old woman said, "what Keith has done for me. The others — oh yes, they were brave lads; and very proud of their name, too; and they would not disgrace their name wherever they went; and if they died, that is nothing, for they will be together again now; and what harm is there? But Keith, he was the one that did more than any of them; for he staid at home for my sake; and when other people were talking about this regiment and that regiment, Keith would not tell me what was sore at his heart; and never once did he say, 'Mother, I must go away like the rest,' though it was in his blood to go away. And what have I done now? — and what am I to say to his brothers when they

come to ask me? I will say to them, 'Oh yes, he was the handsomest of all my six lads; and he had the proudest heart too; but I kept him at home.' And what came of it all? Would it not be better now that he was lying buried in the jungle of the Gold Coast, or at Königgrätz, or in the Crimea?"

"Oh, surely not, auntie! Keith will come back to us soon; and when you see him well and strong again, and when you hear his laugh about the house, surely you will not be wishing that he was in his grave? Why, what is the matter with you to-day, auntie?"

"The others did not suffer much, Janet; and to three of them anyway it was only — a bullet — a cry — and then the death-sleep of a brave man, and the grave of a Macleod. But Keith, Janet, he is my youngest; he is nearer to my heart than any of them: do you not see his face?"

"Yes, auntie," Janet Macleod said, in a low voice. "But he will get over that. He will come back to us strong and well."

"Oh yes, he will come back to us strong and well!" said the old lady, almost wildly; and she rose, and her face was pale. "But I think it is a good thing for that woman that my other sons are all away now; for they had quick tempers, those lads; and they would not like to see their brother murdered."

"Murdered, auntie!"

Lady Macleod would have answered in the same wild, passionate way, but at this very moment her son entered. She turned quickly; she almost feared to meet the look of this haggard face. But Keith Macleod said, quite cheerfully, —

"Well, now, Janet, and you will go round to-day to look at the 'Umpire?' And will you come too, mother? Oh, she is made very smart now; just as if we were all going away to see the queen."

"I cannot go to-day, Keith," said his mother; and she left the room before he had time to notice that she was strangely excited.

"And I think I will go some other day, Keith," his cousin said gently, "just before you start, that I may be sure you have not forgotten anything. And, of course, you will take the ladies' cabin, Keith, for yourself; for there is more light in that, and it is farther away from the smell of the cooking in the morning. And how can you be going to-day, Keith, when it is the man from Greenock will be here soon now?"

"Why, I forgot that, Janet," said he, laughing in a nervous way. "I forgot

that, though I was talking to Hamish about him only a little while ago. And I think I might as well go out to meet the 'Pioneer' myself, if the boat has not left yet. Is there anything you would like to get from Oban, Janet?"

"No, nothing, thank you, Keith," said she; and then he left; and he was in time to get into the big sailing-boat before it went out to meet the steamer.

This cousin of Hamish, who jumped into the boat when Macleod's letter had been handed up to the clerk, was a little black-haired Celt, beady-eyed, nervous, but with the affectation of a sailor's bluntness, and he wore rings in his ears. However, when he was got ashore, and taken into the library, Macleod very speedily found out that the man had some fair skill in navigation, and that he had certainly been into a good number of ports in his lifetime. And if one were taking the 'Umpire' into the mouth of the Thames, now? Mr. Laing looked doubtfully at the general chart Macleod had; he said he would rather have a special chart which he could get at Greenock: for there were a great many banks about the mouth of the Thames; and he was not sure that he could remember the channel. And if one wished to go further up the river, to some anchorage in communication by rail with London? Oh yes, there was Erith. And if one would rather have moorings than an anchorage, so that one might slip away without trouble when the tide and wind were favorable? Oh yes, there was nothing simpler than that. There were many yachts about Erith, and surely the pier-master could get the "Umpire" the loan of moorings. All through Castle Dare it was understood that there was no distinct destination marked down for the "Umpire" on this suddenly arranged voyage of hers; but all the same Sir Keith Macleod's inquiries went no further, at present at least, than the river Thames.

There came another letter, in dainty pink; and this time there was less trembling in the handwriting; and there was greater frankness in the wording of the note.

"DEAR KEITH" (Miss White wrote), — "I would like to have the letters; as for the little trifles you mention, it does not much matter. You have not said that you forgive me; perhaps it is asking too much; but believe me you will find some day it was all for the best. It is better now than later on. I had my fears from the beginning: did not I tell you that I was

never sure of myself for a day? and I am sure papa warned me. I cannot make you any requital for the great generosity and forbearance you show to me now; but I would like to be allowed to remain your friend.

G. W.

"P. S. — I am deeply grieved to hear of your being ill, but hope it is only something quite temporary. You could not have decided better than on taking a long sea-voyage. I hope you will have fine weather."

All this was very pleasant. They had got into the region of correspondence again; and Miss White was then mistress of the situation. His answer to her was less cheerful in tone. It ran thus:—

"DEAR GERTRUDE,—To-morrow morning I leave Dare. I have made up your letters, etc., in a packet; but as I would like to see Norman Ogilvie before going farther south, it is possible we may run into the Thames for a day; and so I have taken the packet with me, and, if I see Ogilvie, I will give it to him to put into your hands. And as this may be the last time that I shall ever write to you, I may tell you now there is no one anywhere more earnestly hopeful than I that you may live a long and happy life, not troubled by any thinking of what is past and irrevocable.

"Yours faithfully,

"KEITH MACLEOD."

So there was an end of correspondence. And now came this beautiful morning, with a fine northwesterly breeze blowing, and the "Umpire," with her mainsail and jib set, and her gay pennon and ensign fluttering in the wind, rocking gently down there at her moorings. It was an auspicious morning; of itself it was enough to cheer up a heartsick man. The white sea-birds were calling; and Ulva was shining green; and the Dutchman's Cap out there was of a pale purple-blue; while away in the south there was a vague silver mist of heat lying all over the Ross of Mull and Iona. And the proud lady of Castle Dare, and Janet, and one or two others more stealthily, were walking down to the pier to see Keith Macleod set sail; but Donald was not there—there was no need for Donald or his pipes on board the yacht. Donald was up at the house, and looking at the people going down to the quay, and saying bitterly to himself, "It is no more thought of the pipes now that Sir Keith has, ever since the English lady was at Dare; and he thinks I am better at work in looking after the dogs."

Suddenly Macleod stopped, and took out a pencil, and wrote something on a card.

"I was sure I had forgotten something, Janet," said he. "That is the address of Johnny Wickes' mother. We were to send him up to see her some time before Christmas."

"Before Christmas!" Janet exclaimed; and she looked at him in amazement. "But you are coming back before Christmas, Keith?"

"Oh, well, Janet," said he carelessly, "you know that when one goes away on a voyage, it is never certain about your coming back at all; and it is better to leave everything right."

"But you are not going away from us with thoughts like these in your head, surely?" the cousin said. "Why, the man from Greenock says you could go to America in the 'Umpire;' and if you could go to America, there will not be much risk in the calmer seas of the south. And you know, Keith, auntie and I don't want you to trouble about writing letters to us; for you will have enough trouble in looking after the yacht; but you will send us a telegram from the various places you put into."

"Oh yes, I will do that," said he, somewhat absently. Even the bustle of departure and the brightness of the morning had failed to put color and life into the haggard face and the hopeless eyes.

That was a sorrowful leave-taking at the shore; and Macleod, standing on the deck of the yacht, could see, long after they had set sail, that his mother and cousin were still on the small quay watching the "Umpire" so long as she was in sight. Then they rounded the Ross of Mull; and he saw no more of the women of Castle Dare.

And this beautiful white-sailed vessel that is going south through the summer seas: surely she is no deadly instrument of vengeance, but only a messenger of peace? Look, now, how she has passed through the sound of Iona; and the white sails are shining in the light; and far away before her, instead of the islands with which she is familiar, are other islands—another Colonsay altogether, andIslay, and Jura, and Scarba, all a pale transparent blue. And what will the men on the lonely Dubh Artach rock think of her as they see her pass by? Why, surely that she looks like a beautiful white dove. It is a summer day; the winds are soft; fly south, then, white dove, and carry to her this message of tenderness and en-

treaty, and peace! Surely the gentle ear will listen to you; before the winter comes, and the skies grow dark overhead, and there is no white dove at all, but an angry sea-eagle, with black wings outspread, and talons ready to strike. Oh, what is the sound in the summer air? Is it the singing of the sea-maiden of Colonsay, bewailing still the loss of her lover in other years? We cannot stay to listen: the winds are fair. Fly southward, and still southward, O you beautiful white dove, and it is all a message of love and of peace that you will whisper to her ear!

CHAPTER XLIII.

DOVE OR SEA-EAGLE?

BUT there are no fine visions troubling the mind of Hamish as he stands here by the tiller in eager consultation with Colin Laing, who has a chart outspread before him on the deck. There is pride in the old man's face. He is proud of the performance of the yacht he has sailed for so many years; and proud of himself for having brought her—always subject to the advice of his cousin from Greenock—in safety through the salt sea to the smooth waters of the great river. And indeed this is a strange scene for the "Umpire" to find around her in the years of her old age. For instead of the giant cliffs of Gribun and Bourg, there is only the thin green line of the Essex coast; and instead of the rushing Atlantic, there is the broad smooth surface of this coffee-colored stream, splashed with blue where the ripples catch the reflected light of the sky. There is no longer the solitude of Ulva and Colonsay, or the moaning of the waves round the lonely shores of Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman; but the eager, busy life of the great river—a black steamer puffing and roaring, russet-sailed barges going smoothly with the tide, a tug bearing a large green-hulled Italian ship through the lapping waters, and everywhere a swarming fry of small boats of every description. It is a beautiful summer morning, though there is a pale haze lying along the Essex woods. The old "Umpire," with the salt foam of the sea incrusting on her bows, is making her first appearance in the Thames.

"And where are we going, Hamish," says Colin Laing, in the Gaelic, "when we leave this place?"

"When you are told, then you will know," says Hamish.

"You had enough talk of it last night in the cabin. I thought you were never com-

ing out of the cabin," says the cousin from Greenock.

"And if I have a master, I obey my master without speaking," Hamish answers.

"Well, it is a strange master you have got. Oh, you do not know about these things, Hamish. Do you know what a gentleman who has a yacht would do when he got into Gravesend as we got in last night? Why, he would go ashore, and have his dinner in a hotel, and drink four or five different kinds of wine, and go to the theatre. But your master, Hamish, what does he do? He stays on board, and sends ashore for time-tables and such things; and, what is more than that, he is on deck all night, walking up and down. Oh yes, I heard him walking up and down all night, with the yacht lying at anchor."

"Sir Keith is not well. When a man is not well he does not act in an ordinary way. But you talk of my master," Hamish answered proudly. "Well, I will tell you about my master, Colin—that he is a better master than any ten thousand masters that ever were born in Greenock, or in London either. I will not allow any man to say anything against my master."

"I was not saying anything against your master. He is a wiser man than you, Hamish. For he was saying to me last night, 'Now when I am sending Hamish to such and such places in London, you must go with him, and show him the trains, and cabs, and other things like that.' Oh yes, Hamish, you know how to sail a yacht, but you do not know anything about towns."

"And who would want to know anything about towns? Are they not full of people who live by telling lies and cheating each other?"

"And do you say that is how I have been able to buy my house at Greenock," said Colin Laing, angrily, "with a garden and a boat-house too?"

"I do not know about that," said Hamish; and then he called out some order to one of the men. Macleod was at this moment down in the saloon, seated at the table, with a letter inclosed and addressed lying before him. But surely this was not the same man who had been in these still waters of the Thames in the bygone days, with gay companions around him, and the band playing "A Highland lad my love was born," and a beautiful-eyed girl, whom he called Rose-Leaf, talking to him in the quiet of the summer afternoon? This man had a look in his eyes like that of an animal that has been hunted to death and

is fain to lie down and give itself up to its pursuers in the despair of utter fatigue. He was looking at this letter. The composition of it had cost him only a whole night's agony. And when he sat down and wrote it in the blue-gray dawn, what had he not cast away?

"Oh no," he was saying now to his own conscience, "she will not call it deceiving! She will laugh when it is all over; she will call it a stratagem; she will say that a drowning man will catch at any thing. And this is the last effort—but it is only a stratagem: she herself will absolve me—when she laughs and says, 'Oh, how could you have treated the poor theatres so?'"

A loud rattling overhead startled him.

"We must be at Erith," he said to himself; and then, after a pause of a second, he took the letter in his hand. He passed up the companion-way; perhaps it was the sudden glare of the light around that falsely gave to his eyes the appearance of a man who had been drinking hard. But his voice was clear and precise as he said to Hamish, —

"Now Hamish, you understand everything I have told you?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith."

"And you will put away that nonsense from your head; and when you see the English lady that you remember, you will be very respectful to her, for she is a very great friend of mine; and if she is not at the theatre, you will go on to the other address, and Colin Laing will go with you in the cab. And if she comes back in the cab, you and Colin will go outside beside the driver, do you understand? And when you go ashore you will take John Cameron with you, and you will ask the pier-master about the moorings."

"Oh yes, Sir Keith; have you not told me before?" Hamish said, almost reproachfully.

"You are sure you got everything on board last night?"

"There is nothing more that I can think of, Sir Keith."

"Here is the letter, Hamish."

And so he pledged himself to the last desperate venture.

Not long after that Hamish and Laing and John Cameron went in the dingy to the end of Erith pier, and left the boat there; and went along to the head of the pier, and had a talk with the pier-master. Then John Cameron went back, and the other two went on their way to the railway station.

"And I will tell you this, Hamish," said

the little black Celt, who swaggered a good deal in his walk, "that when you go in the train you will be greatly frightened. For you do not know how strong the engines are, and how they will carry you through the air."

"That is a foolish thing to say," answered Hamish, also speaking in the Gaelic. "For I have seen many pictures of trains; and do you say that the engines are bigger than the engines of the 'Pioneer,' or the 'Dunara Castle,' or the 'Clansman,' that goes to Stornoway? Do not talk such nonsense to me. An engine that runs along the road, that is a small matter; but an engine that can take you up the Sound of Sleat, and across the Minch, and all the way to Stornoway, that is an engine to be talked about!"

But nevertheless it was with some inward trepidation that Hamish approached Erith station; and it was with an awestruck silence that he saw his cousin take tickets at the office; nor did he speak a word when the train came up, and they entered and sat down in the carriage. Then the train moved off, and Hamish breathed more freely: what was this to be afraid of?

"Did I not tell you you would be frightened?" Colin Laing said.

"I am not frightened at all," Hamish answered indignantly.

But as the train began to move more quickly, Hamish's hands, that held firmly by the wooden seat on which he was sitting, tightened and still further tightened their grasp, and his teeth got clenched, while there was an anxious look in his eyes. At length, as the train swung into a good pace, his fear got the better of him, and he called out, —

"Colin — Colin — she's run away!"

And then Colin Laing laughed aloud, and began to assume great airs, and told Hamish that he was no better than a lad kept for herding the sheep who had never been away from his own home. This familiar air reassured Hamish; and then the train stopping at Abbey Wood proved to him that the engine was still under control.

"Oh yes, Hamish," continued his travelled cousin, "you will open your eyes when you see London; and you will tell all the people when you go back that you have never seen so great a place; but what is London to the cities and the towns and the palaces that I have seen? Did you ever hear of Valparaiso, Hamish? Oh yes, you will live a long time before you will get to Valparaiso! And Rio: why, I

have known mere boys that have been to Rio. And you can sail a yacht very well, Hamish; and I do not grumble that you would be the master of the yacht—though I know the banks and the channels a little better than you; and it was quite right of you to be the master of the yacht; but you have not seen what I have seen. And I have been where there are mountains and mountains of gold——”

“Do you take me for a fool, Colin?” said Hamish, with a contemptuous smile.

“Not quite that,” said the other; “but am I not to believe my own eyes?”

“And if there were the great mountains of gold,” said Hamish, “why did you not fill your pockets with the gold; and would not that be better than selling whiskey in Greenock?”

“Yes; and that shows what an ignorant man you are, Hamish,” said the other, with disdain. “For do you not know that the gold is mixed with quartz, and you have got to take the quartz out? But I dare say now you do not know what quartz is: for it is a very ignorant man you are, although you can sail a yacht. But I do not grumble at all. You are master of your own yacht, just as I am the master of my own shop. But if you were coming into my shop, Hamish, I would say to you, ‘Hamish, you are the master here, and I am not the master; and you can take a glass of anything that you like.’ That is what people who have travelled all over the world, and seen princes and great cities and palaces, call *politeness*. But how could you know any thing about *politeness*? You have lived only on the west coast of Mull, and they do not even know how to speak good Gaelic there.”

“That is a lie, Colin,” said Hamish, with decision. “We have better Gaelic there than any other Gaelic that is spoken.”

“Were you ever in Lochaber, Hamish?”

“No, I was never in Lochaber.”

“Then do not pretend to give an opinion about the Gaelic—especially to a man who has travelled all over the world, though perhaps he cannot sail a yacht as well as you, Hamish.”

The two cousins soon became friends, again, however. And now, as they were approaching London, a strange thing became visible. The blue sky became more and more obscured. The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a clear brown haze of smoke.

“Ay, ay,” said Hamish, “that is a strange thing.”

“What is a strange thing, Hamish?”

“I was reading about it in a book many a time—the great fire that was burning in London for years and years and years: and have they not quite got it out yet, Colin?”

“I do not know what you are talking about, Hamish,” said the other, who had not much book-learning, “but I will tell you this, that you may prepare yourself now to open your eyes. Oh yes, London will make you open your eyes wide, though it is nothing to one who has been to Rio, and Shanghai, and Rotterdam, and other places like that.”

Now these references to foreign parts only stung Hamish’s pride; and when they did arrive at London Bridge he was determined to show no surprise whatever. He stepped into the four-wheeled cab that Colin Laing chartered just as if four-wheeled cabs were as common as sea-gulls on the shores of Loch-na-Keal. And though his eyes were bewildered and his ears dinned with the wonderful sights and sounds of this great roaring city—that seemed to have the population of all the world pouring through its streets—he would say nothing at all. At last the cab stopped; the two men were opposite the Piccadilly Theatre.

Then Hamish got out and left his cousin with the cab. He ascended the wide steps; he entered the great vestibule; and he had a letter in his hand. The old man had not trembled so much since he was a schoolboy.

“What do you want, my man?” some one said, coming out of the box-office by chance.

Hamish showed the letter.

“I wass to hef an answer, sir, if you please, sir, and I will be opliged,” said Hamish, who had been enjoined to be very courteous.

“Take it round to the stage entrance,” said the man carelessly.

“Yes, sir, if you please, sir,” said Hamish; but he did not understand; and he stood.

The man looked at him; called for some one; a young lad came; and to him was given the letter.

“You may wait here, then,” said he to Hamish; “but I think rehearsal is over, and Miss White has most likely gone home.”

The man went into the box-office again; Hamish was left alone there in the great empty vestibule. The Piccadilly Theatre had seldom seen within its walls a more picturesque figure than this old Highland-man, who stood there with his sailor’s cap

in his hand, and with a keen excitement in the proud and fine face. There was a watchfulness in the grey eyes like the watchfulness of an eagle. If he twisted his cap rather nervously, and if his heart beat quick, it was not from fear.

Now when the letter was brought to Miss White, she was standing in one of the wings, laughing and chatting with the stage-manager. The laugh went from her face. She grew quite pale.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," said she, "do you think I could go down to Erith and be back before six in the evening?"

"Oh yes; why not?" said he carelessly.

But she scarcely heard him. She was still staring at that sheet of paper, with its piteous cry of the sick man. Only to see her once more — to shake hands in token of forgiveness — to say good-by for the last time: what woman with the heart of a woman could resist this despairing prayer?

"Where is the man who brought this letter?" said she.

"In front, miss," said the young lad, "by the box-office."

Very quickly she made her way along the gloomy and empty corridors, and there in the twilight hall she found the gray-haired old sailor, with his cap held humbly in his hands.

"Oh, Hamish," said she, "is Sir Keith so very ill?"

"Iss ill, mem?" said Hamish; and quick tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "He iss more ill than you can think of, mem; it iss another man that he iss now. Ay, ay, who would know him to be Sir Keith Macleod?"

"He wants me to go and see him — and I suppose I have no time to go home first —"

"Here is the list of the trains, mem," said Hamish eagerly, producing a certain card. "And it iss me and Colin Laing, that'ss my cousin, mem; and we hef a cab outside; and will you go to the station? Oh, you will not know Sir Keith, mem; there iss no one at all would know my master now."

"Come along, then, Hamish," said she quickly. "Oh, but he cannot be so ill as that. And the long sea-voyage will pull him round, don't you think?"

"Ay, ay, mem," said Hamish; but he was paying little heed. He called up the cab; and Miss White stepped inside; and he and Colin Laing got on the box.

"Tell him to go quickly," she said to Hamish, "for I must have something in-

stead of luncheon if we have a minute at the station."

And Miss White, as the cab rolled away, felt pleased with herself. It was a brave act.

"It is the least I can do for the sake of my bonnie Glenogie," she was saying to herself, quite cheerfully. "And if Mr. Lemuel were to hear of it? Well, he must know that I mean to be mistress of my own conduct. And so the poor Glenogie is really ill. I can do no harm in parting good friends with him. Some men would have made a fuss."

At the station they had ten minutes to wait; and Miss White was able to get the slight refreshment she desired. And although Hamish would fain have kept out of her way — for it was not becoming in a rude sailor to be seen speaking to so fine a lady — she would not allow that.

"And where are you going, Hamish, when you leave the Thames?" she asked, smoothing the fingers of the glove she had just put on again.

"I do not know that, mem," said he.

"I hope Sir Keith won't go to Torquay or any of those languid places. You will go to the Mediterranean, I suppose?"

"Maybe that will be the place, mem," said Hamish.

"Or the Isle of Wight, perhaps," said she carelessly.

"Ay, ay, mem — the Isle of Wight; that will be a ferry good place, now. There wass a man I wass seeing once in Tobermory, and he wass telling me about the castle that the queen herself will hef on that island. And Mr. Ross, the queen's piper, he will be living there too."

But of course they had to part company when the train came up; and Hamish and Colin Laing got into a third-class carriage together. The cousin from Greenock had been hanging rather in the background; but he had kept his ears open.

"Now, Hamish," said he, in the tongue in which they could both speak freely enough, "I will tell you something; and do not think I am an ignorant man; for I know what is going on. Oh, yes. And it is a great danger you are running into."

"What do you mean, Colin?" said Hamish; but he would look out of the window.

"When a gentleman goes away in a yacht, does he take an old woman like Christina with him? Oh no; I think not. It is not a customary thing. And the ladies' cabin; the ladies' cabin is kept very smart, Hamish. And I think I know who is to have the ladies' cabin."

"Then you are very clever, Colin," said Hamish contemptuously. "But it is too clever you are. You think it strange that the young English lady should take that cabin. I will tell you this — that it is not the first time nor the second time that the young English lady has gone for a voyage in the 'Umpire,' and in that very cabin too. And I will tell you this, Colin; that it is this very year she had that cabin; and was in Loch Tua, and Loch-na-Keal, and Loch Scridain, and Calgary Bay. And as for Christina — oh, it is much you know about fine ladies in Greenock! I tell you that an English lady cannot go anywhere without some one to attend to her."

"Hamish, do not try to make a fool of me," said Laing angrily. "Do you think a lady would go travelling without any luggage? And she does not know where the 'Umpire' is going!"

"Do you know?"

"No."

"Very well, then. It is Sir Keith Macleod who is the master when he is on board the 'Umpire,' and where he wants to go, the others have to go."

"Oh, do you think that? And do you speak like that to a man who can pay eighty-five pounds a year of rent?"

"No, I do not forget that it is a kindness to me that you are doing, Colin, and to Sir Keith Macleod too; and he will not forget it. But as for this young lady or that young lady, what has that to do with it? You know what the bell of Scoon said: '*That which concerns you not, meddle not with.*'"

"I shall be glad when I am back in Greenock," said Colin Laing moodily.

But was not this a fine, fair scene that Miss Gertrude White saw around her when they came in sight of the river and Erith pier? — the flashes of blue on the water, the white-sailed yachts, the russet-sailed barges, and the sunlight shining all along the thin line of the Essex shore. The moment she set foot on the pier she recognized the "Umpire" lying out there, the great white mainsail and jib idly flapping in the summer breeze: but there was no one on deck. And she was not afraid at all; for had he not written in so kindly a fashion to her; and was she not doing much for his sake, too?

"Will the shock be great?" she was thinking to herself. "I hope my bonnie Glenogie is not so ill as that; for he always looked like a man. And it is so much better that we should part good friends."

She turned to Hamish.

"There is no one on the deck of the yacht, Hamish," said she.

"No, mem," said he, "the men will be at the end of the pier, mem, in the boat, if you please, mem."

"Then you took it for granted I should come back with you?" said she, with a pleasant smile.

"I was thinking you would come to see Sir Keith, mem," said Hamish gravely. His manner was very respectful to the fine English lady; but there was not much of friendliness in his look.

She followed Hamish down the rude wooden steps at the end of the pier; and there they found the dingy awaiting them, with two men in her. Hamish was very careful of Miss White's dress as she got into the stern of the boat; then he and Colin Laing got into the bow; and the men half paddled and half floated her along to the "Umpire" — the tide having begun to ebb.

And it was with much ceremony, too, that Hamish assisted Miss White to get on board by the little gangway; and for a second or two she stood on deck and looked around her, while the men were securing the dingy. The idlers lounging on Erith pier must have considered that this was an additional feature of interest in the summer picture — the figure of this pretty young lady standing there on the white decks and looking around her with a pleased curiosity. It was some little time since she had been on board the "Umpire."

Then Hamish turned to her, and said, in the same respectful way, —

"Will you go below, mem, now? It iss in the saloon that you will find Sir Keith, and if Christina iss in the way, you will tell her to go away, mem."

The small gloved hand was laid on the top of the companion, and Miss White carefully went down the wooden steps. And it was with a gentleness equal to her own that Hamish shut the little doors after her.

But no sooner had she quite disappeared than the old man's manner swiftly changed. He caught hold of the companion hatch; jammed it across with a noise that was heard throughout the whole vessel; and then he sprang to the helm, with the keen gray eyes afire with a wild excitement.

"— her, we have her now!" he said, between his teeth; and he called aloud: "Hold the jib to weather there! Off with the moorings, John Cameron! — her, we have her now! — and it is not yet that she has put a shame on Macleod of Dare!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG THE BURMESE.

IV.

OF the many complex problems involved in the Eastern question, one of the most important is that of the government under an equitable code of laws of various races of men living side by side in the same country, holding different and perhaps hostile forms of religious belief, opposite moral and social theories, widely differing political traditions; and a consideration of the way in which this problem presents itself in a province of the Indian Empire cannot be without interest even apart from that which attaches to the particular territory which serves for an example. And there is perhaps none of the Indian provinces in which this subject is more remarkably illustrated than in that of British Burmah, a country open from end to end to immigrations by sea, while it seems to have formed a sort of *cul de sac* into which nation after nation, taking advantage of its system of great rivers, has wandered from the north by land, and formed settlements which to this day remain in great part perfectly distinct from one another. In no other province is there a more curious medley of foreign peoples congregated in the chief towns, while probably in none is the rural population composed of so many separate nationalities. The importance of each component part, moreover, is increased by the fact that the sum of all the races represented forms but a thin population, for with an area equal to that of Great Britain, British Burmah has a total population less than that of London alone. It is not intended here to propound any theory as to the best mode of dealing with such a state of things, or even to indicate the method followed by the English government; my object is only to bring home to the English reader one of the most obvious characteristics of the internal life of one of the least known of our Indian provinces, by briefly noticing the principal nationalities by which it is inhabited. It is well known that the population of every great town in the East consists of a vast mixture of races and creeds; and it is not so much to the motley gatherings of the Burmese seaports that I propose to draw attention, as to the numerous distinct peoples and tribes quietly settled in the interior of the country, sharing the same districts and living under identical laws, yet never interfering with one another, but each living a life almost as separate as the various tribes of fish or of birds.

A glance at the statistics of population annually published in the provincial administration reports, or even at the register of any school or jail or hospital in the country, would indicate the mixture of races as one of the marked characteristics of the province. For example, in some recent returns of the government high school at Rangoon, in a table which classifies the pupils according to race, no less than nine nationalities appear, and of these nine headings, more than one includes several distinct tribes. Naturally, in the central school of the province a large proportion of the attendance is supplied by foreigners temporarily resident at the capital; but it will be found that a similar mixture is represented in every large institution in the country, and we must go back to very early dates to account for the presence far inland, in long settled communities, of the important races which share the land with the Burmese.

To trace the steps by which this distribution of the country has come about, it would be necessary to wade through the sparse records of a history which, where it is trustworthy, is but a list of horrors, and in which it is almost a hopeless task to separate truth from falsehood. The stories of the cruel and barbarous wars of which Burmah has been the theatre in long-past years, and by which one petty kingdom supplanted another, only to give place in its turn to a stronger invader, have little interest in themselves, yet it is essential to study them if we would approach an explanation of the existence within this small area of races which to the present hour retain their individuality, each differing from the other in *physique*, in costume, in language, in social customs, and in national character.

Meantime, in attempting to present a sketch of popular life in a country so little known and visited, it is at least proper to point out what has been the ultimate result, down to the present day, of past wars and migrations, as shown in the present composition of the population. Burmese, Arakanese, Karens (in many tribes), Talines, Shans, Tounghoos, Khyins, and a succession of wild hill tribes — these constitute the chief components of the rural population; while not less familiar to every resident of Burmah is the presence of Chinese, Madrasees, Bengalis, Moguls, Parsees, Armenians, Jews, English, Germans, French, and Americans. This latter list being composed mainly of the representatives of well-known peoples, may be very briefly dismissed; but the more ob-

scure peoples of the interior, whose origin is for the most part altogether unknown, and whose very presence is shrouded in mystery, will justify somewhat fuller treatment.

Of the population of the great towns the Chinese form a very large and important section, and in such towns as Rangoon and Moulmein, Chinamen sit with Europeans on municipal committees, and Chinese mercantile firms rank side by side with those of the English and Germans. Closely akin to the Burmese in race and religion, the Chinese immigrant usually marries a Burmese wife, and this element of the population has thus more of permanency than the rest. Massed in compact bodies in various quarters of a large town, the Chinese, orderly and industrious as they are for the most part, are also a source of some anxiety to the police. The community being divided into a number of social companies or guilds, each with its secret club, the faction fights of the Chinese are like a serious version of the student fights of a German university; while an inveterate passion for dice and for every form of gambling brings the Chinaman into constant conflict with the English law. Every kind of trade and manufacture is followed by this plodding and hardworking people, the favorite being carpentry and house-building. The building trade is almost a Chinese monopoly, and whole streets are lined with the shops of Chinese carpenters, furniture-dealers, tailors, and shoemakers. Finally, nowhere is the national industry better exemplified than in the English schools, where the most promising scholar in a class is very commonly a Chinese boy whose patient perseverance is in strong contrast to the indolence of so many of his Burmese schoolfellows.

But though the most permanently linked with the Burmese population, the Chinese element is only one among many of no less importance. From a late official report we learn that, in a total provincial population of less than three millions, nearly one hundred thousand are Mahommedans, of whom a great part are foreigners, thirty-one thousand more are entered as Hindus, while a remarkable feature of the return is that of a total of thirty-two thousand Christians in the province, upwards of twenty-five thousand are natives. An analysis of this latter figure would show that the great majority are converts not from Buddhism, but from the rude religious cult of the Karen tribes, a subject to which I shall recur hereafter. The Mahommedans, Parsees, Jews, and Ar-

menians are for the most part merchants, traders, and petty shopkeepers, while the Hindus are absorbed by every variety of employment. The Madrassee money-lenders of Rangoon have a thriving trade, and, though living in miserable hovels, are among the richest inhabitants of the whole province; while here, as in India, the clerical work of nearly every public or mercantile office is largely done by Hindus from Madras or Bengal, educated in English schools.

In this last-named circumstance may be perceived an unfortunate result of the contrast in character between the thrifty and pushing native of India and the indolent and prodigal Burman, which is a source of anxious consideration to the local authorities. With every desire to give to the natives of the province as large a share as possible in the conduct of public affairs, the English government finds itself compelled in numberless cases by its own requirements, and in its own interest, to take prior advantage of the services of the better-educated and more business-like natives of India, who, in every sphere of life, perseveringly push themselves to the front. In the revenue and judicial departments the Burmese are already largely and successfully employed, but in nearly every other branch of administration Hindus and other foreigners are constantly employed in offices where natives of the province would be preferred if they had the necessary qualifications. The lessening of this evil is one of the chief tasks set to the local Education Department.

One inevitable consequence of such a gathering of nationalities as I have described is the presence of a large number of half-breeds, the children of mixed marriages, an element in every Indian population of which the importance has in late years attracted a good deal of attention. The educational statistics of British Burmah show a total half-breed population of about four thousand, and it is satisfactory to know that adequate provision is here made for the education of the children of this useful class. Proud of their European descent, adopting almost universally European costume and habits of life, the Eurasians, notwithstanding many physical and social disadvantages, constitute a valuable link between the English and their native fellow-subjects, and furnish the government with a class of excellent public servants in every department.

Such are some of the principal ingredients which, with Burmese and Euro-

peans, go to make up the community of a large Burmese town; and closely as all are associated together in the business of every-day life, each element of the crowd preserves its own separate identity, so much so that even the outward aspect of the town itself corresponds to the patchwork composition of its population. Thus, in one quarter the houses are built after a Chinese fashion, the brickwork painted and inlaid with devices in pottery, the doors labelled with Chinese inscriptions and hung with Chinese lanterns, in another they are the copy of the houses of Bengal and upper India, and a third is occupied by the ruder and more irregular timber dwellings of the Burmese. So, too, with religious buildings. Not only is every great Christian denomination represented by its own church, but an equally conspicuous place is taken in a Burmese street by the Mahomedan mosque, the Chinese joss-house, the Hindu temple, and the Burmese pagoda.

And if we stand at the street-corner and watch the passers-by, the variety of feature, complexion, and costume is in accordance with that of the surrounding buildings. The Mogul, with his almost European complexion, dressed in spotless white; the Parsee, hardly less fair, remarkable in his tall, backward-sloping paper hat; the Jew with embroidered and brass-buttoned waistcoat and flowing linen sleeves; the Chinaman, with pigtail bound round his temples and body and legs encased in loose garments of indigo blue, pass and repass each other; the Burmese policeman, the shaven Buddhist monk, the English sailor, swarthy, ill-clad "coolies" of Madras, and effeminate-looking Baboos from Bengal, add to the incongruous stream; while conspicuous in the throng, neat and clean and fair of face, the Burmese women are the only representatives of their sex.

But if the seaport town presents a strange mixture of discordant elements, intimately associated yet never amalgamating, the whole surface of the country is hardly less variously peopled. If a map were to be drawn with Burmah as it is at the present day, so prepared as to show accurately by the coloring the position and proportions of the various peoples, the waves and patches of color would so blend with and intersect each other as to represent a piece of variegated tapestry. The Arakanese in the north, with a strong tinge of the neighboring district of Bengal, would shade off gradually into the Burmese proper of Pegu. The latter again,

to the southward, would melt into the Talines, and so to the Malay populations, and in the north-east would merge, through Karen and Shan, to Siamese. But these would be only the body-colors forming the groundwork of the map, and upon them, in scattered and irregular patches, would appear rival clans of mountaineers, villages of Karens in many varieties of tribe, settlements of Shans, isolated monasteries and homesteads of Tounghoos and Talines, outcast colonies of silkworm-breeders (an abomination to the Buddhists by whom they live surrounded), and families of Khyins separated like lepers from their fellow-men. Nor would the map of one year be necessarily accurate in the next, for it is a peculiarity of some at least of the tribes enumerated, that they migrate by whole villages from place to place.

Looking to the legacy which has thus been left to the country by the immigrant peoples by whom it has been successively overrun, we are led to turn for a moment to the fragmentary records which represent its early history. When we read of the kingdoms of Arakan, Ava, and Pegu, of Promé, Toungoo, and Thatone, each with its petty dynasty, and consider the limited area affected by them, we are reminded most of the kings of the Amorites and Hittites, of Moabites and Jebusites, and are disposed to hold them of little real account. Yet even if their history were a blank, the relics of their former greatness which still survive would forbid us to leave them out of the account in dealing with the present. For to this day the ruins of fortress and palace, of pleasure-grounds and pagoda, attest the reality of the power of more than one of the miniature kingdoms which in this obscure corner of the world have risen, flourished, and decayed, unheard of beyond the narrow circuit within which they were a terror to mankind. Thus, for example, in a remote part of the district of Akyab, hardly known outside the limits of the district, lie hidden and forgotten the solid remains of the ancient capital of Arakan, a most striking historical relic. This interesting monument has within late years been in great part demolished to suit the requirements of a small English civil station, and it is to be regretted that no law for the preservation of ancient monuments was in force to save it from its fate. Yet the place is still well worth a visit. A more impregnable natural site could hardly be found than that chosen for his palace by the Arakanese king. The only approach to the spot is by winding tidal creeks, flanked by precipitous

wooded banks, and high on a plateau in the midst of these natural bastions and moats are still to be seen the remains of the enormously massive walls of rough stone which guarded the palace, square within square, and even of the royal gardens and bathing-place; while close by are still more perfect relics of religious devotion in a cluster of ruined pagodas, their foundations honeycombed by dark subterranean galleries lined with thousands of images, and now haunted by innumerable bats.

In the same way the province contains many other places once centres of political or religious life — such as Thatone in the Tenasserim division — which still invite the labor of the discoverer. The interest which would attach to researches in such spots as these would belong to the domain of the historian of religion and of language, and would lie rather in the social than the political vicissitudes of the tribes or nations concerned; but from any point of view it is probable that sufficient matter of genuine interest would repay a careful investigation such as has often been made in less interesting localities, and for the prosecution of which the permanent occupation of the country by the English should afford the best possible opportunity.

Turning now to the present, and commencing our survey of the country from the north, we find on the frontier of Arakan (the most northerly of the three administrative divisions of the province) an extensive mountainous region known as the Arakan Hill Tracts, occupied by various wild tribes in the rudest stages of civilization. The way in which this border district has been ruled is highly creditable to the Indian government. A judicious system of administration by one or two civil officers, aided only by native police, has put an end to much of the lawlessness which formerly prevailed, and has inspired the simple hill-tribes with a respect for the English character which is well illustrated by the following extract from a late official report:—

Forbidden to adjust their differences by the ancient method of violence and retaliation, the various clans settled within the border have free recourse to the Court of the Superintendent. . . . The law administered is simple, and in civil matters local customs are as far as possible adhered to. Taxation is very light, and to avoid suspicion the population has never been numbered. Having a climate more varied and temperate than that of the plains, this district only requires cultivation to make it prosperous and wealthy.

And the report adds that there are already signs of a considerable immigration of cultivators from Chittagong.

Immediately to the south of these highlands the population is Arakanese proper. United until the end of the last century under a separate and independent government, the Arakanese are a race distinct in many points from their conquerors the Burmese; and, though of the same Mongolian stock, have much in common also with their Aryan neighbors in Bengal. Somewhat darker in complexion than the Burmese, their dress is a sort of engrafting of the Burmese costume on that of Bengal, and their language, although a variety of Burmese, is hardly intelligible to a native of Pegu or Tenasserim. In character, too, as in geographical position, they seem to stand midway between the acute, servile Bengali and the more masculine but less quick-witted natives of Pegu. Large numbers of the people, especially in the northern district, are Mahomedans by religion, and, as a consequence of this, we find in Arakan something of that seclusion of women of which the absence is so conspicuous in Burmah proper. The visitor to Arakan is at once struck by the contrast here presented to the rest of the province, for, whereas to the south of this division women appear in public as much as men, the streets of the chief Arakanese town are almost like an Indian bazaar in this respect, and the women who do show themselves constantly have their heads covered, as in Bengal, in conspicuous contrast to their sisters of Pegu. It is probably due to the same causes that female education, though little enough advanced throughout the country, is most backward in the districts of Arakan. Yet, notwithstanding the considerable Mussulman element, the population of Arakan is mainly Buddhist, and backward though this division of the province is intellectually, it has submitted to government inspection one hundred and ninety Buddhist monasteries, representing upwards of four thousand pupils.

As a people, too, the Arakanese have now become practically an integral part of the Burmese nation, although still bearing strongly marked traces of their former independent position.

Passing southwards from Arakan to Pegu, the rich central province traversed by the Irrawady, we find the mass of the population Burmese, of whose character, appearance, customs, and religion I have already written at length. But among them, throughout the largest and most

populous districts, are scattered in villages of their own various other tribes and colonies, of which the most important are those of the Karens; and to this curious people, who constitute the principal non-Burmese element of the province, attention must here be invited.

The phenomenon which the Karen tribes present is very remarkable: while a wild independence is maintained by such of them as still occupy undisturbed their ancient homes in the mountains of the north-east frontier, those which are settled in the plains afford an instance of a conquered people who, though they have accepted their enforced position of inferiority, have neither amalgamated in any way with their conquerors nor been driven by them from the country. Vanquished, or at least thrust aside, centuries ago by the Burmese, they have held and still hold their own in separate villages and settlements, intermixed throughout the country with the Burmese, yet never drawing nearer to them, but remaining as from the first a people wholly apart, scarcely ever intermarrying with the families of their conquerors, unconverted to their religion, unaffected by their social customs, rarely even learning their language. But what is still more surprising is that this same people, who for centuries have kept an almost impenetrable reserve in presence of the civilization and religion of the Burmese, have in late years welcomed with open arms the missionaries of Christianity. So conspicuous, indeed, has been the effect of this latter revolution, that I can hardly better illustrate the manner in which the Karen tribes are distributed among the Burmese than by referring to the statistics of the Christian schools founded for their children by the American Baptist missionaries.

It will be well, however, in the first place to notice some of the distinguishing characteristics of the race, and in doing so it must be premised that a wide difference of character distinguishes the Karen tribes, which in great force occupy the mountains on the Tenasserim frontier, between the Sittang and Salween rivers, from those whose villages are dotted over the settled districts of the plains. Hardy in constitution, living in a bracing climate, with a naturally fortified territory of their own, the Gaikos, Bghais, and others have all the characteristics of mountaineers, exhibiting a bearing in accordance with their independent position, and withal a lawless character which is in a strange contrast to the meek and submissive nature of their kinsmen in the plains.

In the yearly statistics of the Burmese province, the only entries under the head of "native chiefs" are those of three independent chiefs of the tribe of Red Karens, who hold a rude sway over a mountainous territory bordering on the Shan states. The authority of these chiefs descends by law of primogeniture from father to son; and as regards "religion or caste," they are recorded as "heathen," that is, professing no recognized creed. Compared with the equally wild territory of the Arakan hills, this more independent region is a source of more trouble to the English authorities. Speaking of western Karennee (that is, the Red Karen country), the last report says:

This little principality, consisting as it does of a number of petty chieftainships without any real ruler, is in itself sufficiently contemptible, but its internal condition chances to be of some moment to this province from the number of criminals who find their way thither across the frontier. These men, after committing dacoities and other offences within British jurisdiction, escape to their own country, where they find a secure asylum, for, the authority of the Karennee chiefs being merely nominal, there is no one of whom their extradition can, as matters at present stand, be effectually demanded.

In the mountain Karens, therefore, we meet, as we should expect, with the characteristics of a rude, independent race, untrammelled by law or the restraints of civilization. Descending, however, to the plains, we find the same race of people constituting a very important section of the community, but exhibiting under altered circumstances a totally different character. Instead of the loose, irregular government of nominally independent native chiefs, they live under a settled English administration, and instead of being the principal occupiers of the soil, they find in that position their hereditary foes, the Burmese, in whose presence they have a perpetual reminder of former defeats and of their own social inferiority. Under the shelter of a strong ruling power they are safe from interference on the part of their neighbors; but while they are able to appreciate the exceptional blessings which English rule has thus conferred upon them, the peaceful enjoyment of their social rights seems to have had absolutely no effect in bringing them into closer relations with their fellow-subjects or in breaking down the barriers between the two races. Sturdy in *physique*, heavy in countenance, slovenly if not uncleanly in person, speaking a language of their

own subdivided into various dialects, they live like caravans of gypsies throughout the country, their houses of the rudest construction, their dress coarse in material and rude in fashion, though often tastefully woven and embroidered. Cultivators of rice for the most part, they give no trouble to the district officers; patient and yielding in disposition, they shrink above all things from publicity; and if it is found difficult to induce the Burmese to compete with foreigners for public and lucrative employment, it seems an impossibility to bring forward the stolid, imperturbable Karen. The singular gentleness and timidity of this people is seen in visiting a Karen school, where the most advanced youths surpass even Burmese girls in their unaffected shyness in presence of the examiner.

As I have already hinted, the division of the Karens into highlanders and lowlanders by no means exhausts the differences which separate tribe from tribe, but the notice of this main division is sufficient to indicate the general position held by the Karen people in the provincial population, as well as to illustrate the striking phenomenon presented by their religious conversion. The highlanders with their rude culture and lawless mode of life, and the lowlanders with their timid exclusiveness, have alike shown themselves to be open in a marvellous way to the peaceful influences of the schoolmaster and the missionary.

There is probably no Christian mission in the world which has met with a more complete success than that of the American Baptists to the Karens of Burmah. Their reception and progress have been almost like those of an invader entering unopposed into a land flowing with milk and honey. The missionary to the Buddhist inhabitants of the same country finds himself at once met by a powerful enemy in an ancient and firmly rooted religion, strong in the large admixture of genuine truth which it contains. But it has been otherwise with the Karens: not only was no such obstacle in existence, but the advent of foreign teachers of a new religion was apparently foreshadowed and anticipated by the popular traditions. Nor has their success been any mere flash in the pan, the fruit of sudden enthusiasm. Considering the means at its command, the mission has made steady and satisfactory advances, and has done more than would have been possible to any secular agency to improve the social status of this interesting people, by whom the mission-

aries are regarded as their best friends, and who devote year by year to the cause of the mission a solid share of their labor and their possessions.

At the headquarters of each of the most important districts, such as Rangoon, Moulmein, Toungoo, Henzadah, and Bassein, a central boarding-school for boys and girls has long been established for Karens only, and in connection with each central institution a series of elementary schools, presided over by native catechists, are attached to what are called the several local "churches" in the rural districts. Thus we read that "in connection with the Henzadah Karen mission are fifty out-stations where are little congregations of Christians." In the neighboring district of Bassein a similar scattering of churches corresponds with two central schools numbering together one hundred and seventy-five pupils; in Toungoo a large school in two departments, for the two principal Karen tribes, numbers two hundred and eighty-two pupils; and in Rangoon a similar organization exists on a still larger scale.

And while the American Baptists have been thus conspicuous in this virgin field of missionary enterprise, the same faith has been propagated among the same people under different forms by missions numerically weaker but in no way less zealous attached to the Roman Catholic communion.

It must be admitted that hitherto the civilizing influence thus widely exerted has not succeeded in drawing the Karens out of the social obscurity in which by nature and the course of their history they have long been hidden; but it is undeniable that it has immensely improved their social condition, has organized and increased their industry, purified their character, and added to their wealth. And if the intellectual out-turn of the Karen mission schools has hitherto been insignificant, the prospects of the race in this respect have, it is hoped, been in late years improved by the educational policy of the local government.

In the early days of the mission the zeal of its founders led them to devote immense labor to the translation of the Christian Scriptures into the Karen dialects, and finding that no written character was in existence, they even invented one for the purpose, modelled on the Burmese, and printed in it thousands of Bibles, tracts, and school text-books.

One consequence, however, of this zeal has of course been to perpetuate the

unnecessary barriers which separate the Karens from the Burmese, and to increase instead of destroying the complete isolation of the people. This evil, which is now fully recognized by the missionaries themselves, is being gradually remedied by the policy of the government education department with which the Karen schools have been brought into harmony. By this policy the Burmese language is made a prominent subject of study in the Karen schools, special inducements to its acquirement are offered, and while the publication of books in Burmese is actively prosecuted, that of books in the Karen dialects is not encouraged.

The Karen schools now form a distinctive feature of the provincial educational system, and the best of them compare not unfavorably with those established for the Burmese population; and though the Karen village schools, from want of adequate teaching power and supervision, have so far shown little result in comparison with the old foundations of the Buddhist monasteries, there seems to be good prospect for their future.

In the Karen school at Toungoo, attended by the youth of the wildest tribes, it is reported, amongst other things, that "arithmetic is thoroughly well known;" and in connection with the same school the inspector touches upon one of the most noticeable peculiarities of the Karen people to which I can bear personal testimony, namely, their keen appreciation of English music. When the regimental band plays in the public gardens of Rangoon, while the Burmese pass by unattracted, a group of Karens may often be seen taking up a retired position to enjoy the music; and the reality of this appreciation is proved in the most remarkable way in the Karen schools. All attempts to teach English music to Burmese boys end in failure. Their voices are harsh and unmusical, and their ear adapted only to the music of their own monotonous instruments; but the Karens on the contrary are endowed both with an accurate ear and with melodious voices, English music seems to come to them as naturally as to the people of Lancashire, and the part singing in a Karen mission school is worth hearing, not merely as a curiosity but as a genuine musical treat.

In the preceding pages I have purposely dwelt at length on the characteristics of the Karen race as holding the second place, after the Burmese, in the provincial population. With the moral defects of every Oriental people, and without many

of the winning characteristics of the Burmese — with no sense of humor, no taste for games and sports, no appreciation of any form of art — they appeal in some ways still more powerfully to English sympathy, and cannot fail to excite the interest of those with whom they come in contact, while their condition must always be an important consideration of the government of the day.

But as we pass through the province we are met also from time to time by the representatives of other strange peoples, less numerous than the Karens but not less individual or less worthy of notice. The inspecting officer, of whatever department of the administration, as he passes from village to village and from one zayat to another, is still accustomed in the maritime districts of Tenasserim to encounter a people speaking a language akin neither to Burmese, Chinese, nor to any Indian language, a people now scanty and insignificant, but proud of their ancient descent and of the traditional power of their ancestors. These are the Talines, once the ruling power on the Burmese seaboard, the leaders of the civilization of the day, and regarded by competent authorities as probably the aborigines of the country, who on the inroad of the Burmese from the north were pushed southwards and established themselves in a strong and independent position on the coast. Long isolated from their ancient enemies the Burmese, the Talines, though now yielding to the absorbing and levelling influences of modern life and civilization, still speak their own language, in which too they preserve their own version of the common religion, a version more ancient than that of the Burmese. Hence it is that in the late educational schemes of the English government the Taline monasteries have held an exceptional position. While elsewhere throughout the country the Buddhist monastic schools have yielded with remarkable readiness to the influence of the English educational agencies, in these isolated but still important centres of indigenous education the government has met with the least ready response in its efforts to engraft an improved system on the indigenous foundation. So that we find it recorded in an educational report that the only function for which the Taline monks seem to exist is "that of occupying the exceptionally luxurious monasteries the Talines found."

The picture which they thus present is one of peaceful and picturesque decay, and interesting chiefly from the records they preserve of an historic past. It may

be added that in the Taline religious houses, the repository of MSS. probably the most ancient in the country, it is possible that a careful philological research would be rewarded by valuable discoveries.

In some ways more closely allied to the Burmese, the small scattered communities of Tounghthoos, who are found not only in the province under notice but in the neighboring countries, have also their own separate traditions of former greatness, of an ancient capital, Thatone, and of original immigration from the north. Conspicuous among the gaily-dressed Burmese in a costume of sombre dark blue or black, with their own isolated settlements, their own religious foundations, and their own dialect, these, too, constitute an instructive link with the past as well as an interesting element in the present population. In some Tounghthoo monasteries the Burmese language is the medium of instruction, and the religious records are preserved in the same language. Peaceably settled in the midst of Burmese and Karens, this scattered people attracts little public attention, and is no doubt destined at no remote date to be lost sight of altogether. But for the time being their identity is as marked and their position—to the skillful reader of national characteristics—as eloquent of the past, as that of other tribes more numerous and more conspicuous.

A few words of notice must be given also to the Khyins, another distinct people, who in their social position and even in their personal peculiarities bear striking records of long-past ages. Forced centuries ago into the mountains on the advance of the Burmese down the valley of the Irrawady, the Khyins preserve their own nationality, and are found settled here and there in the province, especially near the frontiers of Arakan and Pegu; and it is a strange but not uncommon sight even in the most civilized towns of Pegu to see a group of Khyins, their women rendered conspicuous by the ghastly custom of blackening the whole surface of their faces with tattooing, a hideous practice which is, according to one report, a standing and hereditary reminder of days when disfigurement was the only sure protection from slavery that a father could afford to his daughter.

The various settlements and villages of Shans, who also add to the number of distinct nationalities occupying Burmese territory, do not seem to call for special notice here, offshoots as they are from a still recognized neighboring people, not, as in the case of the tribes noticed above, the

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stranded or vanishing relics of an ancient history of which they constitute almost the only trustworthy records.

Enough has, however, been said to show that the task of administration in this remote province has not been altogether a simple one, and that while in the Burmese themselves the government of India has had to deal with a people differing in every important respect from those with whom they have come in contact in India, they have in the internal administration of the province been confronted also by a variety of races and tribes not less firmly established than the Burmese, and each with its own peculiarities of character and custom demanding special consideration.

Sufficient indication has also, perhaps, been given of the interesting and almost untrodden area offered in the province of Burmah for more than one department of antiquarian research. Lastly, such a survey as I have attempted becomes the more interesting when it is remembered that under a strong and settled government all, or at least the majority of these distinctions of race, radical as they are in many cases, are becoming year by year less marked, and seem likely to be eventually obliterated with the absorption of the distinctive dialects which is gradually taking place. The Burmese language, both by the deliberate policy of the English government and the necessities of trade, law, and general intercourse, is becoming the universal vernacular of the province. The Taline language is fast dying out, and the several Karen dialects, to which a new but transitory life has been given by the enthusiasm of Christian missionaries, are yielding to the same influences and may perhaps ultimately disappear. The Arakanese brogue is supplanted in schools by the purer Burmese idiom, while such dialects as those of the Tounghthoos and highland clans are still more certainly doomed.

P. HORDERN.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

CASABIANCA'S POLITICS.

"IT'S enough to make one wish one was a downright Jebusite," said Casabianca, thrusting a poker which he had been moodily balancing on his forefinger

into the cindery back-room fire, and causing a cloud of dust to fly over Mildie, seated opposite, with a Euclid open in her lap, on to which, under cover of the twilight, and Casabianca's late reverie, a few tears had been silently dropping.

"No, you need not set me right, Mildie; I won't be set right by you. I believe if you were dead, and some one made a mistake in history over your coffin, you would jump up and set 'em right. What does the name signify. I know what I mean; those fellows in the French Revolution, who wanted to blow everybody's brains out, and kick things to shivers—and I say that the way in which we are all being treated just now, is enough to make a fellow wish to join 'em. It's an awful shame."

"I don't know, Casa," said Mildie, with a great sob in her voice. "I suppose it will be for your good in the end, and perhaps Emmie will enjoy herself when she gets away from Saville Street, and can improve her French, and visit places one reads about. I would go away with a worse person than Aunt Rivers even," said Mildie savagely, "to see the town where the chevalier Bayard is buried. Oh, Emmie will enjoy herself; and Katharine Moore says we ought not to make a trouble of it."

"Hang Katharine Moore!" exploded Casabianca; "it's beastly ungrateful of her to say any such thing. I should like to know who has brought up their second scuttle of coals all this winter, while Mary Anne has been saying that one scuttle a day was enough for attic lodgers; and whose doing it is that Christabel's flowers ever get watered; and then for them to take and say I'm not to make a trouble of being sent out of the house to wear petticoats and yellow stockings, and never have a hat on my head! It's enough to turn a fellow into a flat Jebusite, as I said before; and all that Miss Alma Rivers may marry a money-grubbing Kirkman, and live in the 'Tower of Babel.' You need not shout at me. I know I'm right about *that* name at least. That is what Mr. Kirkman's new big house is called. Uncle Rivers showed it me in *Punch*, when I went to Eccleston Square with mamma the other morning."

"It was not the name I was trying to stop you from saying," answered Mildie. "I don't care what people call Mr. Kirkman's house; it's nothing to us; but Emmie asked me not to say, or let any one else say, she was going abroad with Aunt Rivers instead of Alma, because Alma was engaged to Mr. Horace Kirk-

man. It may not be quite settled yet, Emmie thinks, and it ought not to be talked about. If it is such a disgrace to the family, we need not be in a hurry to spread it about."

"Rubbish!" cried Casabianca. "When a fellow has heard a thing with his own ears, where's the use of trying to make him believe he does not know it. I tell you I heard every word Aunt Rivers said to mother. They left me kicking about in a dressing-room with nothing to do for an hour but listen to the talk that went on in the bedroom beyond; Aunt Rivers coughing half the time to work mother up to pity her, and do as she wished. Did I not feel as if I were being regularly sold, tied up in a sack and delivered over, as the bargaining went on. Such a pleasant change for dearest Emmie! The making of dear little Aubrey! Faugh! And then Uncle Rivers comes out, staring as if he expected to see a fellow six feet high, and puts his hand on my head and says they intend to make a Grecian of me. Grecian, indeed! I always thought the Greeks were fools for speaking such a miserable language, and inventing mathematics; but I did not know before that they made quite such guys of themselves as to go about in yellow stockings and petticoats, and without any hats."

"And you really," said Mildie, sighing, "care about that; and you are not at all glad to be going to a place where you can learn as much as you like, and where you might, if you pleased, get to be a great man. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were brought up where you are going."

"Yes, I know all about 'em; Christabel's been reading it to me out of a book. They had to eat lumps of boiled beef fat at dinner called squabs! Sounds jolly, I think!"

"It's a very unfair world, I think," said Mildred, while a great tear fell and blistered a page of her Euclid. "Some people get what they don't want and can't make any use of, and other people who are starving for that same thing have to go without."

"Shut up there," cried Casabianca; "I thought sisters were made to be sympathetic with one and all that, but you—It makes me more disgusted than anything, to see you sitting there crying, because you are never to go to school again, and never need look into a book unless you please. Don't I wish I were standing in your shoes."

"Would you really like to change places with me?" cried Mildie, a wild notion of

personating Casabianca in petticoats and yellow stockings, and profiting by Uncle Rivers's presentation to Christ Church in his stead, shooting momentarily through her brain.

"There," said Casabianca, "that just proves what I'm always pointing out to you—the folly of you girls supposing, because you can do sums, and remember a date or two, that you have the same sort of sense that *we* have; or that you know anything of a man's life. You think, do you, that you could get on better at a public school than I could, because you're bookish? as if that would help you in a boxing-match. A jolly fix you would find yourself in before a week was out, if I took you at your word."

"I know it's impossible, of course," said Mildie despairingly. "And, Casa, I don't mean to be unsympathizing. I'm sorry enough that you are going away."

"Well you may be," growled Casabianca, resolved not to be mollified too easily. "You'll all feel the miss of me when the Gentle Lamb flies into a temper, and there's no one to stand up to him. All your precious history and mathematics won't help you to manage *him*."

"I know it," said Mildie. "But that's just why it seems so hard that I am to be taken from things I care for, and set to make a muddle of other people's work. Aunt Rivers told mamma that I was old enough now to be as useful in the family as Emmie, and that I ought to begin, as if just saying that could turn me into Emmie."

"But you think a great deal of yourself, don't you?" said Casabianca, aghast at this sudden appearance of self-deprecation in Mildie.

"No, I don't!—I can't help liking arithmetic and remembering dates and things; but, oh! you need not, all of you, think so badly of me because of that; if I could make myself as pretty as Emmie, and get people to like me as they do her; but there," dashing her head down upon her Euclid, and making it a mere puddle of tears, "I know they never will. I know how it will be when you and Emmie are gone. The Gentle Lamb will always be making horrible grimaces on the stairs, while Mrs. Urquhart is passing, and I shall not be able to stop him, and the keys will always be missing at tea-time, and I shall never know where to look for the sal-volatile when mamma has a headache."

"And all because the Rivers are so selfish," grunted Casabianca. "They have

everything they can possibly want, and yet they rob us of Emmie. I know what it is like."

"So do I," said Mildie, "and I wish there was a prophet now to go to Aunt Rivers and say, 'Thou art the man!' I should like to do it myself."

"Perhaps she'll be awfully punished by-and-by, then," said Casabianca, a good deal cheered by the suggestion; "so, if I were you, Mildie, I would cheer up a bit. You really ain't so bad when you don't set up to know more than other people; and now I'll tell you something that you never should have known if you had not come down from your high horse. Tom Winter has been mistaking you for Emmie this long time."

"How could he?" asked Mildie, not so overwhelmed by the compliment as might have been expected.

"He is my greatest friend this half, and I told him how jolly Emmie was, and that he might look at her at church if he liked, and the other day I found out that he had been looking at you, and taking you for the pretty one. He says he don't see any reason why he should not. There now."

"I don't care what Tom Winter thinks of me," said Mildie, with dignity; "but if you will like me as Harry likes Emmie, I will do everything I can for you till you go, and always in the holidays, you shall see."

"All right," said Casabianca, edging his chair a little closer to Mildie's. "I never did bully you but for your own good, to keep you from thrusting your learning down everybody's throat; and now as you are reasonable I'll let you into something more. See my purse. You may well stare at what is in it; but Mr. Anstice tipped me tremendously the day he called when everybody was out, and when I walked back to his place with him. He said it was to buy a bat, but I shall get a great deal more out of it than that, I promise you, if only I can make up my mind to change the first 'yellow-boy' I ever had in my life. Don't it look jolly?"

"Mr. Anstice!" exclaimed Mildie. "He called an hour ago with a book for Emmie, and left word that he would not come in, as it was her last day at home. I wondered how he had got to know she was going away. I suppose you told him that and everything—eh, Casabianca?"

"Why not? If Aunt Rivers thinks she can bribe me to keep hers and Miss Alma's secrets she's very much mistaken. Of course I told him everything."

"How did he look?" inquired Mildie curiously.

"Look!" said Casabianca, "how should he look, but just as usual, though, now I come to think of it, I don't believe he did. He was not so jolly as usual. When he first came in he looked — well, palish, you know, as if he had a bad cold in his head or something. However, he was all right with me, and evidently very glad to have me to talk to, for he invited me to dine with him, and gave me this magnificent tip when I went away."

"Perhaps I had better take the book and his note to Emmie now. She is packing her new box in the spare room, and she is to drink tea this last night in the Land of Beulah. I will find her before she goes up."

It had all come about in what seemed such an amazingly short space of time, so many events and propositions following each other, that Emmie, the person chiefly concerned, had hardly yet taken in all that was involved in them. On the day after Emmie's return home, Dr. Urquhart had been sent for to Eccleston Square in haste, and brought back alarming news of Lady Rivers, who had been seized with an attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs after an agitating conversation with her daughter. Some days of real anxiety followed, and then, as amendment set in, the necessity of Lady Rivers leaving England and spending some months in a warmer climate began to be talked of. Next came the day when Mrs. West was summoned to a conference with Sir Francis Rivers in Eccleston Square, from which she returned pale and agitated, saying that Sir Francis had almost put her sister's life into her hands by assuring her that Lady Rivers would only consent to leave home on condition that her niece Emmie was allowed to accompany her, while Alma remained to complete her London season under her sister's chaperonage. Aubrey's nomination to Christ Church had not, in reality, been offered as a bribe, for Sir Francis had previously been working to obtain it; but success came at the moment when he made his request for the loan of Emmie, and Mr. West chose to feel that it laid an obligation upon the whole family from which they could not escape. When the matter was laid before him he said he would not accept Sir Francis's favors without paying the equivalent prescribed, and, hearing this, Emmie and her mother exchanged glances, and knew in their hearts that the thing was settled and nothing left for either of them to say. An edu-

cation for one of the boys must not be refused or imperilled by any crossing of Mr. West's mood.

Sir Francis was liberal beyond expectation in all the arrangements that followed, and everybody told Mrs. West and Emmie that this price they were paying for Aubrey's advantage was no sacrifice, but a great piece of good luck. They were too busy to investigate their own impressions on the subject closely, and said very little to each other about the approaching separation even during the last day's packing. They talked as loving people on the eve of a parting do talk, of trifles which concerned the common life, tenderly making believe that absence would not snap the close threads of union. They made over Casabianca's new shirts to the last button, and laid little plans for brightening Harry's evenings and consoling Mildie for the loss of her school lessons. Then, when Emmie was laying her new dress on the top of her box and nothing further remained to be done, Mrs. West spoke a few tender words of counsel and love and sorrow, taking care all the while that the slow tears creeping down her cheeks should not fall on the pretty frills and flounces Emmie's fingers were smoothing out, and they kissed across the box and clung mutely together over this symbol of parting, till Mr. West's evening knock was heard at the door. It brought a pang to Emmie with the thought of how far she would be away when it came on the next evening, and it sent Mrs. West away in haste, to be at her post when her husband came in. He would not say anything to-night about Emmie's approaching departure, but perhaps (so Mrs. West thought) he would grieve over it more than any one else in the house; for did not the worst part of every trouble come upon him, and ought not he to be supremely pitied by her at least?

Emmie sat down on the floor after her mother left her, to wipe away her tears and get herself ready for the Land of Beulah. Tears had been very near her eyes all day, yet it cannot be denied that the grey web of her regrets was crossed by a great many bright threads of hope and expectation. The mere fact of being seated here to-night, with a fire lighted in the spare room expressly for her, and an air of excitement pervading the whole house on her account, caused some pleasant stirrings of emotions. Beyond lay thoughts and hopes, and eager glances into the future, which during the press of late occupations she had kept at bay. She

now confessed to herself that after the interest of that one fortnight spent at the Riverses' she should have found it difficult to sink back altogether into Saville Street life, and never to know the end and real meaning of some events she had there taken part in. Now she should at all events be in the way of hearing, and might perhaps get to understand the drift of Eccleston Square politics in the end. Could Casabianca's ears have served him rightly? Could Alma have decided so, and what influence had her own presumptuous meddling had on her decision?

Here instead of thoughts came visions, and Emmie was back in Eccleston Square, looking down over the balusters on a nodding bird of paradise feather and on the upturned face of a young man following behind. She could read clearly the character revealed in those keen, inquisitive eyes, that large, smiling, self-sufficient mouth, those boastful open nostrils and that square chin, and she knew quite well, if Alma did not, the little there was to like in it and the much to shrink from instinctively; and as she mentally gazed the wonder grew. How could Alma choose so? Would there ever be an end of her wondering, even while she kept her memory clear from the picture of another face which she could never bear, even in thought, to put by the side of that one; the idea of their being rivals giving her always a glow of indignation hard to keep within reasonable bounds? But what, after all, was Alma's choice to her, and what possible right had she to be angry about it, or to grieve for the pain it must have brought some one who would perhaps lay a part of the blame to her officiousness?

Just as Emmie's thoughts reached this point, Mildie opened the bedroom door, bringing in a stream of gaslight from the passage, and something in her hand, which Emmie discovered to be a letter when her dreaming eyes recovered their power of seeing, and she had brought herself back to Saville Street again.

"Are you not dressed yet?" cried Mildie. "The tea has gone into the Land of Beulah already, and Dr. Urquhart came in half an hour ago. Here's a letter and a parcel for you, which Mr. Anstice left at the door. I did not think it worth while to bring them up whilst you were busy packing."

"Fetch me a candle then, please," said Emmie, "and I will dress here, without going up-stairs again."

But Emmie did not wait for the candle to open her letter; as soon as Mildie was

safely out of the room she coaxed up a blaze from the red embers, tore open the envelope, and read:—

"DEAR MISS WEST, — I called in Saville Street two days ago, in the hope of seeing you, and — shall I confess it? — of hearing from you the truth of a report that had reached me of serious illness in your uncle's house. I thought the illness might account for my not having received an answer to a letter sent there more than a week ago, and I trusted to your kindness to throw all the light on my suspense your superior knowledge could give. Judge of my disappointment at not finding you. In default of his elders, Casabianca entertained me with an exposition of his views on things in general, among which I picked up, not what I wanted to hear certainly, but at all events the end of my suspense. There is simply no more to be said, and I am egotistical once more to you because I think, having gone so far in self-betrayal, it is better to make an end, and to assure you, once for all, that the failure of the enterprise you put me upon in no way detracts from my gratitude to you for holding me worthy of it. Let us both forget that we ever took upon ourselves to judge Mr. Horace Kirkman, junior, and try to believe a certain person's discernment greater than ours. May your cousin be happy in the choice she has made, and may you suffer as little from Mrs. Kirkman's vicarious affection as circumstances will admit of. I should like to have seen you before you left England, but I must not monopolize your time at home, now so short — the more as I am not without hope of seeing something of you during your banishment. The house to which, as I hear from your brother, you are going, belongs to a relative of mine, and it must have been my talk in old times of the charms and advantages of La Roquette that induced Lady Rivers to fix upon it as a winter residence for herself and you. My cousin, Madame de Florimel, lives in a tumble-down old *château* at the foot of the hill on which the *château* you will inhabit is perched, and the visit she expects from me once in two years or so is about due now. Perhaps I shall escape there from this region of Kirkmans and east-windy thoughts should they become too oppressive when Easter arrives, and we shall meet at La Roquette and talk London gossip among the anemones and daffodils, which by that time will have overrun all the valleys where you will be quite at home when I see you next. Did you not say, when we were capping

verses at Christmas and Miss Moore could not understand your not being ready with a line for 'daffodils,' that you did not know Wordsworth well because you had never had him of your own? Here he is in a small enough compass to fit into a chance corner of your travelling-box, and I bring him in case you should find room for him at the last.

"Your sincere friend,

"WYNARD ANSTICE."

"What does he say, Emmie? What is the letter about?" asked Mildie, who, candle flaming in hand, stood staring down into Emmie's face, as she reached the last line. "Why, I do believe there's a tear on your cheek. Dear Emmie, you will let me read the letter, won't you? I do so want to know the sort of things people write when they are crossed in love and very miserable. Does he threaten to die and come to Alma's wedding breakfast like Alonzo the Brave, with worms creeping out of his eyes? I'm sure I wish he would, and that you and I might be there as bridesmaids, and see the Riverses and Kirkmans properly served out at last. You will let me read some part of the letter at all events, won't you?"

Emmie had it safe back in its envelope by this time.

"Mr. Anstice writes to me about La Roquette, the place in France where we are going," she answered with dignity. "He has French relations, and one of them lives in an old *château* there, close to the house Uncle Rivers has taken for us to live in."

"A *château*," sighed Mildie. "How much happier most people are than ourselves! if I had a relation living in a real old *château*, I should not mind what happened to me — no, not if I were crossed in love fifty times. Dear Emmie, since you won't give me Mr. Anstice's letter to read, let me at least put his book into your box, and finish off the ends of the packing, while you go and enjoy yourself in the Land of Beulah. To-morrow at this time I shall not have even such pleasant occupation as packing; I shall be making tea for the boys in the back parlor, without you, completely miserable."

CHAPTER XV.

HUSH.

To enter Mrs. Urquhart's apartments, from any other part of the house, was to pass from noise and excitement to peace and sunshine, and Emmie felt a hush fall

on her spirits the instant she crossed the threshold. Not that she was altogether wrong in supposing that the general agitation had for once just touched the still atmosphere of the Land of Beulah, and brought something new into the faces and manner of the friends who welcomed her there; but it was a soothing something, that flattered her with a sense of importance without saddening her. The fire was coaxed into such clear burning as only skill like Mrs. Urquhart's could coax a London fire. The tea service of dainty china and bright silver sparkled with cleanliness not due certainly to manipulations of Mary Ann's, and the faces round the table reflected the brightness. Dr. Urquhart might, indeed, be a little preoccupied, for once or twice, when Emmie suddenly turned towards him, she found, to her surprise, that he was gazing rather intently on her. Could he be noticing the red rims round her eyes, and did he know what caused them? Emmie looked away into the depths of the fire, and tried to comfort herself with the reflection that the most skilful of physicians, though he might spy out quickly the tokens of tears, could not penetrate to the cause from which the tears sprang. Mrs. Urquhart was luckily less observant than her son. She chatted on through the silence of the two others, about the laudatory notice of Graham's lectures she had just spied out in the *Lancet*, and by-and-by Dr. Urquhart woke up and joined in the conversation after his usual manner, with a good deal of playful banter of his mother, and then a question or remark, which tended to draw the talk away from personal matters, and give Emmie a chance of taking her share.

She did not avail herself of it frequently, such a bewildering clatter of voices seemed to be going on in her mind, all telling her different things about to-morrow, and all, as it seemed to her, trying to drown a persistent small voice, that somewhere in a far corner of her brain would go on saying softly over and over again — "Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring" — "Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring." This was February, and even in England daffodils "take the winds of March." Emmie knew enough of Shakespeare to remember that. A month — six weeks — to wait, and then — No, she would not make that calculation again; her mother was crying down-stairs over a different scale of reckoning the weeks. How could she be so heartless as to feel as if the arrival of one London acquaintance at La Roquette, would annul the pain

of separation from every one at home! She determined to put the notion from her, and attend to what Dr. and Mrs. Urquhart were saying. They had travelled to the south of France in their talk now, and were congratulating her on all the new sights and sounds she would experience — nightingales, fireflies, cicadas.

Tea is over, and Mrs. Urquhart looks a shade surprised, when Dr. Urquhart lingers on, leaving a pile of notes unexamined on his writing-table, while he takes botanical dictionaries, volumes of natural history, from his shelves, to show Emmie engravings of flowers and insects she will soon have an opportunity of admiring in their natural state. How delightedly Mildie would have picked up the information that drops from his lips, quite unremediatedly, and only because there is such a store within, that it must come out when not suppressed; and how difficult it is to Emmie, to care just then as much about the migratory caterpillar, and the edible green frog, as she knows she ought to care. He perceives the lack of interest at last, and subsides, with a sigh, into the inner room to his writing-table and letters and reading-lamp. There, partially hidden by the curtains that hang from the arch between the rooms, he can still hear the murmur of voices by the hearth. He leans back in his chair every now and then between reading and answering a note, perhaps to cogitate his reply; perhaps to get a peep at the talkers, and think, as he watches the changes on Emmie's face, that his mother has found something to say to her which interests her more than the green frog. When he has come to his last note, he indulges himself in a longer spell of watching. Mrs. Urquhart has laid down her particolored knitting, and has folded one of Emmie's little hands in hers.

"Yes, my dear," she is saying, "a *first* visit from home is an important crisis to a girl. Dear me! nothing else in after life is ever quite like it. It may be — it is likely to be — the beginning of all her real life. Perhaps I'm a silly old woman, who expects every girl she sees to have the same experience as herself; but talking of this journey of yours, somehow sets me upon recollecting the first time I ever left my home. I had led a quieter life than even you, my dear, in a little Scotch manse in the north, where we never saw a fresh face from year's end to year's end, and my first visit was made to cousins who lived in Edinburgh. What a packing up it was! How my mother stitched at my clothes; and what a prayer my good father

made over me at family worship the last evening! The whole village was stirred up, and there was quite a little crowd to see me set off by the coach in the morning. Our laird, who made the journey the same day, and had promised to look after me, sneered a little at all the tears and excitement, telling me I should be back in a few weeks, feeling just the same as before I went, and that I should wonder then what all the commotion had been about. He was mistaken, however. I did return home at the end of a six weeks' visit; but Dr. Urquhart, my Dr. Urquhart, not the imitation one you see there, followed me to the manse before the week was out, and well, my dear, the old quiet home-life was over for me after that. Plenty of struggle and trouble came after; but I don't think I ever for one moment of the struggling time wished that I had not travelled to Edinburgh that particular winter. Things of the kind will occur, I suppose, when a girl goes out into the world from a quiet home; there is always a chance that it is her fate she goes to meet, and I can only say that I hope your luck will be as good as mine, if you chance to come across yours before we sit here again, Emmie, my dear."

"Mother! what are you talking about? — hush!"

The two heads, confidentially approaching each other, turned in surprise towards the direction whence the words came, and saw Dr. Urquhart standing in the opening between the rooms, and looking very much shaken out of his ordinary composure. There was an actual flash of anger in his eyes, and his fresh healthy cheeks were a great many shades redder than usual. Mrs. Urquhart gazed at him silently for a minute over her spectacles. She had not been silenced in such a peremptory tone since the date of her Edinburgh journey.

"My dear Graham," she said at last, "why should I be silent? What business is it of yours what I say to Miss West? We thought you were too much occupied with your letters to heed what nonsense we women please to talk to each other."

Dr. Urquhart had now reached the fireplace, and was facing his mother, with the gleam of displeasure still in his grey eyes.

"It is my business," he said, in a low tone. "I cannot hear you suggesting to Miss West the possibility of coming back changed to her old friends, without putting in a word of remonstrance. I wonder at you, mother."

"But why should you care?" cried

Emmie, turning innocent, wide-open eyes upon him. "Of course it was only nonsense we were talking. I don't want any change. Nothing will happen to me. I shall come back just the same — liking and disliking the same people that I like and dislike now. You will see."

"Shall I? — That is enough," said Dr. Urquhart, turning from his mother to Emmie, with all the anger cleared away from his face, and a strange happy trembling of the lip, and twinkling of the eyes, noticeable there instead.

Mrs. Urquhart cleared her throat very loudly, and began ostentatiously to count the stitches of her knitting.

"It is just folly to pretend to prophecy how you will feel when you come back before you have ever gone away," she said severely, when she had come to the end of a row.

"I was not prophesying, was I?" asked Emmie, a little taken aback at the impression her commonplace remark had evidently made on her two auditors. "I don't think I meant to prophecy anything."

"No, no!" said Dr. Urquhart in a hurried voice, through which a timid joyfulness pierced. "It was, if I may be allowed to say so, more of a promise than a prophecy; it is a question of present feeling, of knowing our own minds."

"Which you young things always fancy you do when you don't," said Mrs. Urquhart, beginning diligently to count again.

Emmie's cheeks burned uncomfortably, as she sat in a silence that followed, wondering what she could have said or done amiss, and when the clock in the back room opportunely broke the stillness, by striking nine, she jumped up much relieved, and pleaded the early start to-morrow morning, and the number of little last things that remained to be done, in excuse for an early leave-taking. She fancied that Mrs. Urquhart's farewell kiss was somewhat less cordial than her welcoming one had been, and that Dr. Urquhart tried to make up for his mother's unwonted coldness by following her to the door, and holding her hand in a long farewell shake, while he promised to look after her mother's health until her return. When once the door of the Land of Beulah was shut behind her, however, she had too many other things to think of to trouble herself further about any strangeness there might have been in the manners of her two friends that night. She would have been extremely surprised, if she had known how nearly the Land of Beulah

ceased to be the Land of Beulah, on her account, after she left it.

Dr. Urquhart walked straight to his own end of the room, when he had taken leave of Emmie, and as he stood by his writing-table sealing his notes, and putting them ready for the late post, his mother's ear detected the sound of a softly whistled tune, breaking out again and again, —

My love she's but a lassie yet.

It was a sound she had not heard for years, and which she could not think seemly from the lips of a physician in such growing repute as Dr. Graham Urquhart. Then, with the bundle of notes in his hand, he came and stood again by the fireplace, not speaking, but looking at the red embers with a provokingly happy smile on his face. A true Urquhart smile, made up of confident hopefulness, and a touch of self-complacency as well. Such a smile as had sometimes vexed Mrs. Urquhart's soul when, on a face of which this was a facsimile, it had confronted her in moments of disturbance in her early married life. She hardly knew what to make of herself when she felt the old impatience stirring again, and found a sneer curling her old lips, as she marked the contented curve into which her son's had fallen.

From Temple Bar.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

WHAT reader of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (and *who* would venture to acknowledge he has not read it?) does not remember the pleasant little dinner-parties at General Oglethorpe's? The quaint figure, too, of the venerable general in his old-fashioned cocked hat, with his sword by his side, and his walking-staff and book in hand, is familiar to most of us. Let us introduce him to the reader as he introduced himself to Boswell: —

Let me here be allowed [says Boswell] to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude to the memory of that excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because my first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publication of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honor to call on me, and approaching me with a frank and courteous air, said, "*My name, sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you.*" I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent man, of whom I had read in Pope, from my early years,

Or driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Will fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

I was fortunate enough to be found worthy of his good opinion, insomuch that I not only was invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his table, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be disengaged; and in his society I never failed to enjoy learned and animated conversation seasoned with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion.

General Oglethorpe was a remarkable man, and it is to be regretted that he did not accede to Johnson's offer to write his life. "He (Johnson) urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his life. He said, 'I know no man whose life would be more interesting. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it.'" Boswell adds in a note:—

The general seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subsequent occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed to writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehending that his friends were so soon to lose him; for, notwithstanding his great age, he was very healthy and vigorous, and was at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fatal at any period of life.*

Judging from his singular ability in recording the conversation of Johnson and his friends, we may lament the loss of Boswell's memoranda concerning the general. We are not aware that they have ever been given to the public in any shape, nor whether they are still in existence. We must remember that Oglethorpe was not only commemorated by Pope, but that Thomson also paid a tribute to his high character in his "Liberty" (part v. 645), where, speaking of colonies, he says:—

Bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah
sees.

Probably few of our readers are acquainted with many incidents in General Oglethorpe's life. They picture him to their mind's eye as the friend of Dr. Johnson, and the pleasant, garrulous old man of an almost fabulous age, who could talk of serving under Prince Eugene (Sir Roger de Coverley's "Prince Eugenio"), and who

* It is worthy of remark that this was Boswell's own end. Malone, in the advertisement to the third edition of his work, says: "Unfortunately, in the midst of his labors, he was seized with a fever, of which, to the great regret of all his friends, he died on the 19th of May, 1795." Such is Malone's account.

could mention his adventures in snipe-shooting in Conduit Fields—where Conduit Street, Bond Street, now stands. On the latter point it may be of interest to remark that Pennant says: "The late Carew Mildmay, Esq.,* used to say that he remembered killing a woodcock on the site of Conduit Street, at that time an open country. He and General Oglethorpe were great intimates, and nearly of the same age, and often produced proofs to each other of the length of their recollections." We have mentioned this anecdote in passing, as we shall have to refer to it in estimating the true age of our general. Conduit Street was built in 1718, and it is not such a wonderful fact that persons living into the concluding quarter of the last century should remember, as Mildmay and Oglethorpe could, portions of the metropolis, which in their early youth were fields, now become fashionable and thickly populated streets. There are probably not a few persons now living who can remember the "Five Fields," as they were called, at the present day the fashionable Belgravia; and even Tothill Fields; when snipe could be found there.

We shall throw together, then, a few notes on General James Edward Oglethorpe, and intersperse them with such Oglethorpiana as may be gathered from Boswell's amusing pages. The obituary of June 30, 1785, records the name of General James Edward Oglethorpe at his seat, Cranham Hall, Essex. "The papers," says the correspondent of *Sylvanus Urban*, "mention his age as one hundred and two, but it appears by the books of Christ Church, Oxford,† that he was entered there in 1714 as being then sixteen, which would make his age only eighty-seven. However (he would never tell his age) he possessed all his faculties to within three or four days of his death." Another correspondent observes: "He was always unwilling to tell his age; perhaps he was not certain about it." A third, however, dedicates the following lines to his memory:—

One hundred two, Methusalem in age,
A vigorous soldier, and a virtuous sage!
He founded Georgia, gave it laws and trade,
He saw it flourish, and he saw it fade.

Now, if the entry in the college books could be verified, we are afraid that Mr. Thoms would triumphantly point to it as

* Mr. Carew Hervey Mildmay died at the great age of 96 in 1780.

† This is a mistake. The college was Corpus Christi, as will be seen.

conclusively demolishing the general's supposed centenarianism; but, then, how are we to reconcile it with Pennant's assertion that Mr. Carew Mildmay and Oglethorpe were "nearly the same age"? When Mr. Mildmay died in 1780 at the age of ninety-six (the age stated in all the baronetages we have seen) Oglethorpe was then only eighty-two, and there would appear a great discrepancy in their years. The general would have been comparatively a boy to Mildmay, and they could hardly have "often produced proofs to each other of the length of their recollections." If, however, we were to assume that they were contemporaries in age, as Oglethorpe died five years after Mildmay, it would bring him up to one hundred and one at his death, or nearly the age which some reported him. We are enabled, however, to set the matter at rest: Through the courtesy of that most civil of college servants, Mr. Moses Holliday, "bailiff" of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, we inspected the buttery books of that college. In those days there were only scholars and gentleman-commoners at Corpus. Amongst the latter the name of Oglethorpe occurs as in residence in 1714, and once or twice in 1715, when he ceased to reside. The volume for 1713 is either lost or mislaid, and we could not verify the Christian name, which was usually put down at entrance. However, the deficiency was kindly supplied by the keeper of the archives of the university, the reverend the warden of Wadham, who has sent us an extract from the register of matriculations of the university: "*Term. Trin.* [1714] *Julii* 8. *C.C.C. Jacobus Oglethorpe* 16 *Theoph. f. Sti Jacobi Lond. Equ. fil.*" The date "1714" is not actually written in the register; but the date "1713" is written above the first entry of the preceding Hilary term. Here, then, we have the proof that James, son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, of St James's, London, was matriculated as of Corpus College, on the eighth of July, 1714, his age being then sixteen. He must have been born, then, in 1698; and at the date of his death, in 1785, would have been only eighty-seven.

The family of Oglethorpe was one of considerable antiquity, and originally seated at Oglethorpe in Yorkshire. We are informed that one of them was reeve of the county at the time of the Conquest. The ancient seat at Oglethorpe continued in the family till the civil wars, when it was lost for their loyalty.

The general's great-grandfather, William Oglethorpe, was born in 1588, and married Susannah, daughter of Sir William Sutton, and sister to Lord Lexington. He had a son and a daughter. The son, Sutton Oglethorpe, was born in 1612, and had two sons — (1) Sutton, who was stud-master to Charles II.; and (2) Theophilus. The second son, Theophilus, or, as he afterwards was, Sir Theophilus, was the general's father, and was born in 1650. He was lieutenant-colonel in the Duke of York's troop of Horse Guards, and from 1673 to 1679 one of the commissioners for executing the office of master of the horse. He appears to have purchased Westbrook Place, near Godalming, and to have obtained considerable Parliamentary influence in the now disfranchised borough of Haslemere, for which place he sat, as did his three sons after him. He seems to have sat previously for Morpeth in 1685. He is mentioned as first equerry to King James II., and a major-general in that monarch's army. Sir Theophilus married Eleanora Wall, of a considerable family in Ireland, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1702, and was buried in St. James's Church, Westminster, where is a monument to him and his son Lewis. The issue of his marriage consisted of three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Lewis, was equerry to Queen Anne, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. He was killed at the battle of Schellenburg in 1704, at the age of twenty-two. Like his father, he sat for the borough of Haslemere. The second son, Theophilus, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ormond. He also sat for the family borough, and is mentioned as having died without issue before 1738. He seems to have been elected for Haslemere in 1708, and in 1710 is styled Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe. The third son, James Edward, was our general, whom we find first sitting for Haslemere in 1722. The daughters seem all to have married foreigners, and two of them were in the court of King James's queen at St. Germain's. The correspondent of Sylvanus Urban says that the five eldest children were born in St. James's Palace, and adds that the story is well known, and was once much spread by the Whigs, who believed in the foolish tale of the warming-pan, that one of these children was the person introduced.

The Oglethorpes were always staunch Jacobites, and the general's father, Sir Theophilus, refused to serve under the Prince of Orange, who, after vainly en-

deavoring to gain him over, gave his regiment to the Lord Churchill's (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) brother. The known principles of the family, and their attachment to the Stuarts, brought suspicion (most unjustly, we feel assured) on our general himself in the "forty-five." It was probably to Mary Oglethorpe, the general's third sister, that Lady Cowper, with true Whig instinct, alludes in her diary, under the date of December 16, 1714: "Mrs. Clayton dined here. She told me that the Duchess of Bolton made great interest for Mrs. M. Oglethorpe to be a maid of honor (if a woman can be so that has had several children). The princess is mightily obliged to her Grace for the recommendation, for the Oglethorpes have always been spies to France, and this very woman took a journey thither the day after the queen was buried: and to be sure she had always been a spy upon the Whigs, her mother having turned her out of doors upon pretence of her being a Protestant and a Whig. So she harbored herself with those who were really so; particularly, she was always at my Lady Mohun's, where all the libertine Whigs were frequently, and she certainly did a world of harm that way." O fie! my Lady Cowper, we do not believe a word of your insinuation; and pray, were not your own family, the Claverings, notorious for their staunch Jacobite predilections? But how different do things appear to the eyes of the wife of a Whig lord chancellor!

As James Oglethorpe's name ceases to appear in the buttery-books of Corpus College in the year 1715, we find that in that year he received a captain-lieutenant's (we presume lieutenant and captain's) commission in the first troop of the Queen's Grenadiers. He was shortly afterwards, upon the recommendation of the Duke of Marlborough, appointed aide-de-camp and secretary to Prince Eugene, and accompanied him in the expedition against the Turks, and was present at the siege of Belgrade. Of this fact we are assured from a conversation at a dinner-party at the general's in 1772, when Dr. Johnson said, "Pray, general, give us an account of the siege of Belgrade." Upon which the general, pouring a little wine upon the table, described everything with a wet finger. 'Here we were, here were the Turks,' etc., etc. Johnson listened with the closest attention.* As this campaign took place in 1716, it is not impossi-

* Boswell.

ble that he was, according to some accounts, aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Argyll,* in the suppression of the rebellion of 1715. But another statement in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is improbable, as the date will show that it was at a time when Oglethorpe had not even matriculated at Oxford, and was only fifteen: "The late general is known to have been aide-de-camp to the Earl of Peterborough in 1713, with whom Dr. Berkeley, his lordship's chaplain, was fellow-traveller in going express to the ambassador in Italy."

Belgrade having surrendered in 1717, and peace concluded in the following year, Oglethorpe would appear to have returned home. In 1722 he entered Parliament for the family borough of Haslemere. He seems to have been an active member of the House. About the year 1727 attention was called to the horrible state of our gaols. An acquaintance of the philanthropic Dr. Bray had made a casual visit to Whitechapel Prison, and his representation of the miserable state of the prisoners had such an effect on the doctor that he immediately applied himself to solicit benefactions for their relief, and the result was contributions sufficient to provide comforts for the inmates of that prison and the Borough Compter. About the same time Oglethorpe, upon visiting a friend in the Fleet, found him loaded with irons. This fact, coupled with Dr. Bray's discovery, led him to bring the matter before Parliament, when a committee was appointed, of which he was the chairman. The inquiry elicited the most shocking details, but it is satisfactory to know that it was attended with most beneficial results. The biographer of the worthy Dr. Bray (the founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) informs us that "the inquiry into the state of the gaols brought about an interview between the doctor and Mr. (afterwards General) Oglethorpe." Bray was now in precarious health, and he was anxious that his philanthropic designs should be entrusted to a small body of trustees,† and Oglethorpe willingly undertook to be of the number, and engaged several others of rank and distinction to act with him. There can be little doubt that the friendship that thus sprung up between these

* Afterwards Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, of whom Pope speaks:—

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to lead,
And share alike the senate and the field."

† These are still called "Dr. Bray's Associates."

two benevolent men, though destined to be shortly terminated by the death of Bray, much influenced Oglethorpe's subsequent career. Bray died in February, 1730, but it would seem that a scheme had been formed for establishing a colony in America, to which might be draughted off the surplus poor of the kingdom, with advantage to themselves and benefit to the country. Probably Oglethorpe had discussed the matter with his friend, but an opportunity now arose which would appear to have favored the design. The Abbé Raynal,* in his account of the foundation of Georgia, tells us:—

One of those instances of benevolence which liberty, the source of every patriotic virtue, renders more frequent in England than in any other country, served to determine the views of government with regard to this place. A rich and humane citizen, at his death, left the whole of his estate to set at liberty such insolvent debtors as were detained in prison by their creditors. Prudential reasons of policy concurred in the performance of this will dictated by humanity; and the government gave orders that such unhappy prisoners as were released should be transplanted into that desert country that was now intended to be peopled; it was named *Georgia* in honor of the reigning sovereign. This instance of respect, the more pleasing as it was not the effect of flattery, and the execution of a design of so much real advantage to the state, were entirely the work of the nation. The Parliament added £9,843 15s. to the estate left by the will of the citizen, and a voluntary subscription † produced a much more considerable sum. General Oglethorpe, a man who had distinguished himself in the House of Commons by his taste for great designs, by his zeal for his country, and his passion for glory, was fixed upon to direct these public finances, and to carry into execution so excellent a project. Desirous of maintaining the reputation he had acquired, he chose to conduct himself the first colonists that were to be sent to Georgia; where he arrived in January, 1733, and fixed his people on a spot at ten miles' distance from the sea, in an agreeable and fertile plain on the banks of the Savannah. This rising settlement was called *Savannah* from the name of the river; and, inconsiderable as it was in its infant state, was, however, to become the capital of a flourishing colony. It consisted at first of no more than one hundred persons, but before the end of the year was increased to six hundred and eighteen, one hundred and twenty-seven of whom had emigrated at their own expense.

It will not be necessary in our brief notice of Oglethorpe to discuss the causes which eventually contributed to the want of success which attended this enterprise. The colony, even in its infancy, brought with it the seeds of its decay. Oglethorpe, however, during the ten years in which he was connected with it, amidst great disadvantages and apparently want of support from the home government, displayed qualities of much personal bravery and endurance. In 1734 he returned to England, bringing with him several Indian chiefs. The periodical literature of the day, as might be expected, is filled with the visit of Tomo Chiqui and his companions. They were duly presented to the king at Kensington, dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Potter) at Lambeth, and did the usual round of London sight-seeing. We are told that

nothing was wanting to contribute to their diversion and amusement, and to give them a just idea of English politeness and respect. In return, they expressed themselves heartily attached to the British nation. Prince William* presented the young Micho, John Towanohowi, with a gold watch, with an admonition to call upon Jesus Christ every morning when he looked on it, which he promised. They appeared particularly delighted with seeing his Highness perform his exercise of riding the managed horse, the Horse Guards pass in review, and the agreeable appearance of the barges, etc., on the Thames on Lord Mayor's day.†

Oglethorpe appears now to have been at the zenith of popularity, and much interest was concentrated upon Georgia. In 1735 he returned to Georgia, having induced the brothers John and Charles Wesley to accompany him. Charles returned to England with despatches from Oglethorpe early in 1737, but John remained till the close of that year, when he left the colony under circumstances which do not seem to reflect much credit on him, but which are no doubt familiar to the readers of his biography by Coke and Moore. The Wesleys had sent an invitation to their friend George Whitefield to follow them to Georgia, and after some delay he set forth; but it is remarkable that he had sailed from the Downs only a few hours before the vessel which brought back John Wesley cast anchor there, the two ships, in fact, passing in sight of each other. Whitefield remained in the colony only till the close

* History of the British Settlements in America, p. 142. Ed. Edinburgh, 1770.

† To this subscription Oglethorpe contributed very largely.

* Afterwards of Culloden fame.

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1734.

of 1738. Oglethorpe's reputation for philanthropy received a singular illustration from a somewhat eccentric personage, Mr. Robert North, of Scarborough, in 1735. Mr. North proposed to give prizes to those who should write in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the four best poems entitled "The Christian Hero." The prize was "to the person who shall make the best, a gold medal (intrinsic value about ten pounds), which shall have the head of the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Hastings on one side, and that of James Oglethorpe, Esq., on the other, with this motto, 'England may challenge the world, 1736.'" Subsequently, in the magazine for February 1736, Mr. North begs pardon of the Lady Elizabeth for the uneasiness he had caused her by proposing to engrave her portrait on his prize-medal, but "hopes that Mr. Oglethorpe will be prevailed upon to consent that the medal shall bear his effigies."

As we have before observed, it would hardly interest our readers to enter into the details of the causes which contributed to the failure of the original plantation of Georgia; amongst them might be specified the heterogeneous nature of the population, and, added to this, the constant jealousy of the Spanish. While the more curious student might find scattered up and down the pages of contemporaneous literature a few passages discovering the interest felt in the project and the zeal and activity of Oglethorpe in the promotion of the welfare of the infant colony, to the general reader the story presents but little to excite attention. In 1741 the colony had dwindled down to about a sixth part of the original number. Oglethorpe finally returned home in September 1743, and in June 1744 his lieutenant-colonel was brought to a court-martial and broke for groundless charges against his chief. It does not, however, appear, that Oglethorpe had resolved not to return to his command, but an event which now took place seems to have determined the point. In the marriages for September 1744 we read, "The Hon. James Oglethorpe, Esq., general and commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in South Carolina and Georgia, and brigadier-general upon the British establishment, to Elizabeth, the only surviving heir of the late Sir Nathan Wright, of Cranham Hall, in Essex, Bart." From the following lines we must share the disappointment that awaited the colonists on this occasion:—

* *London Magazine*, October, 1744.

In answer to a paragraph in a Letter from Charles Town, South Carolina, lately published in the Papers, which hoped the speedy Return of General Oglethorpe to that Part of the World.

By a LADY.

You wish in vain, it cannot be,
Tho' his appearance would be victory;
He who so many conquer'd had
Is now, himself, a captive made.

The fairest of *Diana's* train,
For whom so many sigh'd in vain,
Has bound him in her silken chain,
From whence he'll ne'er get loose again.

The son of *Jove* and *Venus* knew,
Who bravely fought could nobly woo,
And howsoe'er he dar'd in fight,
He'd force him yield to lovely WRIGHT.

But the brave general had other panegyrists besides the poetess, for in the November number of the *London Magazine* for 1744 is a really able article in his behalf, entitled "A Parallel between the late Earl of Peterborough and General Oglethorpe." One passage in this paper we must quote:—

What pleasure must every friend to virtue and merit feel at the triumphs he has had over his unworthy accusers, and the consideration that has been paid him since his return! I believe the justice of his actions and the equity of his demands were infinitely agreeable to his Royal Master, and that he will still continue in the consideration that so many great and eminent qualities deserve, and forever engage the love and respect of his country, and the veneration of posterity.

Whatever may have been the attempts to throw discredit upon his military career, it is clear he had not lost the confidence of the king, and in the rising of "the forty-five" he was appointed to a command. On his return to London, in 1746, without ever having actively engaged "the rebels," he was accused of neglect of duty and the non-juring proclivities of his family were insinuated, but he was acquitted of the charges, and honorably gazetted on the 21st of October in that year. With this event his military career closed.

Oglethorpe had sat continually from 1722 for Haslemere, with which borough his family had been closely connected since 1698. He appears to have been an active member, and ever ready in philanthropic projects. We have already seen the zeal he displayed in prison reform, a zeal in which he and Dr. Bray showed themselves no unworthy forerunners of the far-famed John Howard. In 1750, he took a great in-

terest in establishing the herring fishery, and was one of the council. In 1754, however, he lost his election for the seat which had been filled by his father, brothers, and himself for upwards of half a century.* Whether he had now parted with the family house at Westbrook Place we have not investigated; but probably on marrying the heiress of Cranham he had so done, and thus lessened his influence at Haslemere. The writer of the notice of the general's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine* describes Westbrook Place as "a beautiful situation in a beautiful country. The gardens beautiful. The general planted a vineyard, now much decayed."

Upon his retirement from Parliament, Oglethorpe devoted himself to various schemes of public and private charity. His name will be found on the committees of most of the benevolent institutions of the day, and we can well imagine the activity he took in every good work, by finding his co-operation so earnestly sought after. Nor was his benevolence confined to public institutions. He could discern and foster merit in private stations. Boswell, in describing the success of Johnson's poem of "London" (published in 1738), adds:—

One of the warmest patrons of this poem on its first appearance was General Oglethorpe, whose strong "benevolence of soul" was unabated during the course of a very long life; though it is painful to think that he had but too much reason to become cold and callous, and discontented with the world, from the neglect which he experienced of his public and private worth by those in whose power it was to gratify so gallant a veteran with marks of distinction. This extraordinary person was as remarkable for his learning and taste, as for his other eminent qualities; and no man was more prompt, active, and generous in encouraging merit. I have heard Johnson gratefully acknowledge, in his presence, the kind and effectual support which he gave to his "London," though unacquainted with its author.

And we can imagine some kind act from the following, in a letter dated Feb. 7, 1774: "Mr. Oglethorpe was with me this morning; you know his errand. He was not unwelcome."

The glimpse that Boswell's pages afford us of the general's social life is very interesting. He seems to have surrounded

* At this election Mr. Philip Carteret Webb was chosen, and we are told "it is well known and remembered by the humorous ballad of 'The Cow of Haslemere,' attributed to Dr. King, of Oxford, and printed that year in folio."—Nichols's "Bowyer," p. 297.

himself with the most of the literary men of the day, and "a cover at his hospitable board" was an honor much appreciated by Master Boswell. He tells us:—

Monday, April 10, 1775. I dined with him (Johnson) at General Oglethorpe's with Mr. Langton, and the Irish Dr. Campbell, whom the general had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad.

A dinner on the same day, three years previously (1772), affords us a curious anecdote or two. Boswell started the question of the morality of duelling; after discussing which,—

The general told us that when he was a very young man, I think only fifteen,* serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a prince of Würtemberg. The prince took up a glass of wine, and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly might have fixed a quarrelsome character on the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his Highness had done in jest, said, "*Mon prince*"—I forget the French words he used, the purport, however, was, "That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England," and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general, who sat by, said, "*Il a bien fait, mon prince, vous l'avez commencé*;" and thus all ended in good humor.

We fancy that we have read somewhere of the "first gentleman in Europe" having committed a similar act of blackguardism, when the officer, whom he insulted, threw a glass into his neighbor's face, saying, "Pass it on." At this same dinner-party, the subject of ghosts being introduced—

Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over and Prendergast was still

* We have seen that this cannot be true, as he was at Oxford when sixteen.

alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry: "Dreamt—or — * Sir John Freind meets me" (here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Freind, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

Right pleasant, Master Boswell, must have been General Oglethorpe's dinners, and lovable the giver; and would that we could know more of his personal history! We cannot, however, *quite* assent to Joseph Warton's assertion that "he was at once a great hero and a great legislator." He was, doubtless, a brave, honorable man, a thorough "fine old English gentleman," earnestly discharging his duty, to the best of his ability, in the senate and in the field. His supposed Jacobite tendencies excited the animosity of the Whigs, to his exclusion from those professional honors to which he was otherwise justly entitled; and the same reason probably elevated him in the eyes of such admirers as Dr. Johnson. To us, however, he appears in the light of an eminently philanthropic man and good Christian, who adorned the lax and sceptical age in which he lived by an example of genuine piety in faith and practice; and who will ever recall to our minds the ideal of the "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

A passage in our narrative may be corrected from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1787, in an obituary notice of the general's widow, at the age of 77. It would seem from her will that she was wealthy, and that Westbrook Place was still in her possession. The writer says: "To her magnanimity and prudence, on an occasion of much difficulty, it was owing that the evening of their lives was tranquil and pleasant, after a stormy noon."

* Boswell suggests the blank might be filled up, "*was told by an apparition*."

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The small town of Amélie-les-Bains, in the eastern Pyrenees, close to

the Spanish frontier, under the shadow of Mont Canigon, and hanging over the gorges of the River Tech, and its tributary, the Mondony, has been this week *en fête*, and middle-class French and Spaniards, and peasants of both countries, have flocked in for their annual jollification. The usual gambling-stalls, where you invest your sou and run your chance for a packet of sweatmeats or whatever else you have a mind to, offered temptations as irresistible as ever; the *bains* and *boissons* refreshed the guests as far as hot-sulphur waters can refresh, and the time passed gaily with music and dancing *à la Catalan*. But chief among the attractions, and that which is looked forward to as the great event of the feast, is the bull-fight. For days the terrace on which the *thermes Romains* are placed was in preparation for the occasion; barriers were put up, surmounted by benches, and the place turned into a small amphitheatre. Some American friends of ours offered us room at a window in their hotel which overlooked the scene, but we said with great self-abnegation, "No! bull-fights are bloody and brutal, and as the only English here, we will uphold our testimony against them." "Not at all," said they. "No horses are used, and neither the matadores nor the bulls are ever hurt; we have seen them in Barcelona, and a more harmless exhibition could not be witnessed." "Is it possible?" and with some slight misgiving at what promised to be rather a slow affair, we accepted our places. Many things in travelling come to modify one's previously conceived ideas, but was it possible that our notions of a Spanish bull-fight were all wrong?

The preparations being complete, the ground was cleared, the matadores, two in number, with one or two non-professional volunteers, put themselves in readiness, and the first bull rushed into the arena. He was small, and appeared frightened out of his senses by the spectacle that met him, the clamor of the people, and the din of the music, and seemed more solicitous for his own safety than anxious for the blood of his antagonists.

Some appearance of wrath was, however, excited in him by the matadores, who did their utmost with red blanket and goads to irritate him, and he was induced to "run" them once or twice, but in a manner so inefficient that it could have resulted in nothing, even if the men had kept their ground. At length, when nothing more could be got out of the animal, he was let out, and another was

driven in, with a similar result, the spectators doing their best to aid the matadores in their endeavors to excite the poor panic-stricken beast, until he, too, was allowed to escape. Three or four more followed, all insignificant and without fight; nevertheless, the matadores, who need not have moved an inch for any of them, did what they could to keep up the delusion of danger by running away and jumping up the barriers. In the case of another beast who showed no better "form," a big fellow from among the spectators jumped into the arena, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in taking the bull by the horns. Then ensued a somewhat novel wrestling-match, man against bull. The man, despite the frantic struggles of the bull, kept his hold, and the bull, in his endeavors to get loose, finally tumbled over on his side, amidst the vociferous applause of the spectators. On regaining his feet, the animal, finding his exit unopposed, rushed out of the place, as if conscious of his humiliation. This incident was not uninteresting, but it was hardly in accordance with anticipation, and was more enjoyed by the spectators than by the matadores. To show that they also were capable of such a feat, the next bull was secured by one of them, who had a good dance with him, another matadore the while clinging to the animal's tail. Emboldened by these exploits, others among the spectators descended to try their hands, and to win applause apparently so easily obtained, but the matadores, seeing that the credit and dignity of their sport were at stake, refused to allow the interference, and so irritated did they become, that for some minutes there was every probability of a hand-to-hand fight. The public, however, besought their patience, and with the aid of the police, who promptly appeared as in France they always do, succeeded in pacifying them, and the entertainment proceeded. The best sport of the legitimate sort was shown by a cow that was wild with mingled rage and fear, and as her horns were long and sharp and well forward on her head, and

as she was remarkably nimble on her feet, she was rather formidable. One of the volunteer matadores, whilst attempting to elude one of her fiery dashes, fell, and might have been hurt if she had had any persistence, but the animal was so distracted that she missed her opportunity. Even the courage of this cow, however, seemed to depend more on the fear shown by her antagonists, who fled to the barricades at every assault, than from any disposition of her own.

Among the remaining beasts was a calf, who looked on the whole proceedings as a lark, and enjoyed a frisk round the arena without once dreaming of trying to stick anybody, and the cow, his mother, who, having been separated from her offspring, was expected to show some exasperation, could not overcome her abject terror, and fled in all directions. Having run through the herd, the best were put through a second time, but with the exception of the wild cow, who pawed the ground, and alone showed any proper feeling, there was nothing to be done with them; and the fight, after a duration of two hours and a half, came to an end, the people dispersing with much satisfaction. The "course" was described as better than that of last year, and whether ironically or not, I do not know, as "*magnifique*." For my own part, it appeared ridiculous, and that such preparations should be made and pilgrimages performed for the sake of such a farce, passes my comprehension. But at any rate, here was a bull-fight without any approach to cruelty, and in which there was nothing that could blunt or degrade the most humane susceptibilities. What proportion of Spanish bull-fights are conducted like this one and those which at Barcelona take place every Sunday, I do not know; but I fancy that those exhibitions of wholesale slaughter of bulls and horses and of imminent danger to men which have colored our idea of the Spanish national character, are not very common, and are somewhat exaggerated. — I am sir, etc.,

FRED. BURGESS.

Hôtel Pereire, Amlie-Bains, October 18th.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT. — The electric light has already been put to various uses, but the most novel is that contemplated by the Rev. Canon Bagot, rector of Athy, and a well-known agriculturist. The

canon announced his intention of doing his harvesting this year by the aid of the electric light, but we have not heard whether his experiment has been successfully accomplished.